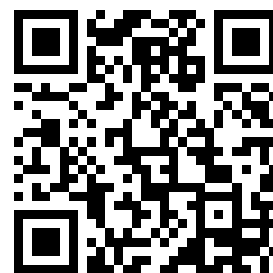

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BABY'S STORY BOOK



ESTES & LAURIAT
BOSTON.

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1910

Baby's Story Book ;

WITH

PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES,

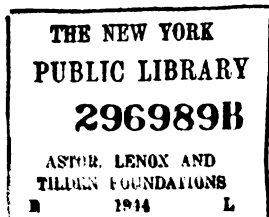
FOR

OUR LITTLE ONES.

EDITED BY
LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BOSTON:
ESTES & LAURIAT,
301 WASHINGTON STREET.

1871



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BY ESTES AND LAURIAT
1879



BELL'S LET-TER.



DEAR BA-BY: I never saw you, and I don't e-ven know what your name is, but we read your Mag-a-zine and like it ver-y much, so I thought I would write you a let-ter and tell you a-bout our-selves.

There are four of us, two girls and two boys. I am the eld-est, and then comes Will, and then Grace, and then Ja-mie. We live in a large square house, with a gar-den be-hind it, and we all sleep to-geth-er in our big nurs-er-y. Grace and I sleep in the same bed, but

Will and Ja-mie have pretty lit-tle brass cribs. We play out of doors all day, and dig with our shov-els in the great heap of sand that Pa-pa put for us at the end of the gar-den. But the best time of all is af-ter tea, for then Mam-ma sings to us and tells us sto-ries till bed-time. And then, when we are un-dressed, and have said our pray-ers, we jump in-to bed and try which can go to sleep first, on-ly we nev-er can find out ex-act-ly. Don't you think we have hap-py times, Ba-by?

THE CHICK-EN WHO WANT-ED TO BE A CA-NA-RY.

By L. E. R.

PEEP! said the chick-en.
“Well, I’m giv-ing it
to you as fast as I can,”
said Fred-dy. “You mustn’t
be so greed-y. I’m a-shamed
of you!”

Now this was not what the
chick-en want-ed; and as she
prid-ed her-self on speak-ing
dis-tinct-ly, she was hurt at
her young mas-ter’s re-mark.

“He might have under-
stood,” she mut-tered, “if he
had lis-tened. I want to go
in-to the house and be a ca-
na-ry. I mean to go, too.”

So, when Fred-dy had
emp-tied his bowl of corn,
this wi-ly chick-en watched
her chance, and just as he
o-pened the door, in she
slipped, and ran be-hind the
stove. Fred-dy did not see
her, but some-bod-y else did.
Ah! up from his chair by
the stove rose Tom-mo the
Great, hu-gest of cats. He
looked at the chick-en; then
his tail be-gan to wave gen-
tly to and fro, and he be-gan

to say to him-self, in a soft,
pur-ring tone:

“I like chick-en! mum! mum!

I like chick-en! mum! mum!

Nice lit-tle fat one, just like that one,

I like chick-en! mum! mum!”

“O dear!” thought the
chick-en, “this is not be-ing
a ca-na-ry at all. I ought
to be in a cage, you know.
Ah! there’s the cage.”

Hop, she went, and flop
she went! right in-to the
mouse-trap.

“Snap!” said the trap.

“Pe-eee-eep!” said the
chick-en.

“Mum!” said Tom-mo
the Great.

“O my poor chick-en!”
cried Fred-dy. “How did
you ev-er get in there? You
shall get out, and Tom-mo
shan’t have you. There, poor
thing!” and in two min-utes
she stood by her moth-er in
the yard.

“But I want-ed to be a
ca-na-ry!” said the chick-en.

And this is grat-i-tude.

FRED-DIE AND HIS CHICK-ENS.



Chick-i-ty chuck! chick-i-ty chuck!
Now we real-ly are in luck!
Grains of corn so sweet and nice:
Come, let us gob-ble them up in a trice!

THE RUN-A-WAY CROW.

"Hear him now!" said Moth-er Jub-bles. "Isn't that love-ly?"

"Per-haps he wants some," said Jen-ny. "Is there an-y in the house?"

"O yes!" re-plied the old wom-an. "I was just eat-ing my break-fast, and be-cause I would not let him eat it all up, off he flew in a pas-sion."

"Wait!" cried Jen-ny. "I have thought of some-thing."

She ran in-to the house, and soon re-turned, car-ry-ing a bowl. Hold-ing it up, she ex-claimed, "Por-ridge, Jim! por-ridge! Come and get some!"

Jim cocked his head on one side, and looked first at the por-ridge and then at Jen-ny. At last he be-gan to hop slowly down from one branch to an-oth-er, and fi-nal-ly he



made a bold flight, and lit on his mis-tress's shoul-der.

"O my dear Jim!" cried Moth-er Jub-bles, "have I real-ly got you back a-gain? I can-not thank you e-nough, you good lit-tle girl!"

"O, you need not thank me!" said Jen-ny. "But let us see what Jim has to say a-bout it."

"Porr-ickge!" said Jim.

THE RUN-A-WAY CROW.

WELL! well!" said Moth-er Jub-les. "O dear! O dear! he's clean gone."

"What's gone, Moth-er Jub-les?" asked lit-tle Jen-ny, who was pass-ing by.

"My dear crow!" cried the old wom-an. "My pet crow, that I've had so man-y years. He has flown up in-to that pine-tree, and he won't come down for any-thing I can do. Here, Jim! good bird! come down, do! Chuck! chuck!"

"Chuck! chuck!" re-plied the crow in a tone which seemed to say, "*Don't* you wish you might get me?"

"O! what shall I do?" said the poor old dame. "I'm a lone wom-an, with no-bod-y to keep me com-pa-ny ex-cept that bird. Just like a per-son he is, so clev-er and know-ing."



"Can he talk?" asked Jen-ny.

"Bless you, yes!" said Moth-er Jub-les. "As fast as I can; and he learns a new word ev-e-ry day. On-ly yes-ter-day he learned to say 'por-ridge' so ver-y plain-ly. He's fond of por-ridge. O dear!"

Here the crow sud-den-ly cried out, "Porr-ickge! porr-ickge! porr-i-ockge!"

MA-RIE AND HER BIRD.

BIRD," said Ma-rie, "they say I am cru-el to you. O bird, do you think I am cru-el? List-en, and I will tell you your own sto-ry, and then you shall tell me what you think. Some time a-go, when I was search-ing for May-flow-ers in the woods, I found a lit-tle nest ly-ing on the ground. It had fall-en from a tree, and all the ba-by birds were dead but one, and that one was you. I wrapped my hand-ker-chief soft-ly round you, for fear you should hurt your-self in your strug-gles, and brought you home. I made you a lit-tle nest of soft cot-ton wool, and I fed you and tried to take as good care of you as your own bird-moth-er did. At first I feared you would die, for you were ver-y weak. But at last you be-came as tame as pos-si-ble, and have been grow-ing big-ger, and fat-ter, and tam-er ev-er-y day. And now the ques-tion is, wheth-er you

think I am cru-el not to let you fly a-way. Sis-ter Jul-ia says I am, but I want to know what you think a-bout it. Come, an-swer me."

"Che-weep!" said the bird. "Pip, pip, tweet, che-queet!" and he smoothed down his feath-ers and looked ver-y im-por-tant. How Ma-rie un-der-stood that these re-marks meant, "Just hang my cage out-side your win-dow, with the door o-pen, and you will see what I think!" is more than I can tell you; but she did un-der-stand, and she did hang the cage out-side the win-dow. And then when Dick flew a-way she was ver-y un-hap-py. The next morn-ing, how-ev-er, she heard a fa-mil-iar song out-side her win-dow; and when she ran to wel-come her dear bird, what do you think she saw? Mas-ter Dick had brought home a lit-tle Mrs. Dick, and the two were hard at work mak-ing a nest in the cage.

MA-RIE AND HER BIRD.



A pret-ti-er pair did you ev-er see
Than Dick-y the bird and his dear Ma-rie?
She calls him her jew-el, her pet, her own,
And he an-swears her in his sweet-est tone.

THE DOG IN THE DUCK-POND.

By AUNT BATH-SHE-BA.



IT was a ver-y hot day in June, and Fan-ny, the big re-triev-er, felt ver-y un-com-fort-a-ble. She had a quan-ti-ty of thick, shaggy, black hair, which made her ver-y warm.

“Dear, dear!” said Fan-ny to her-self, “I must take a swim in the duck-pond; that is the on-ly thing which will make me cool.”

Off she set for the pond, mak-ing her way pa-tient-ly

through the long, tan-gled grass. “The wa-ter looks cool,” thought Fan-ny, “but it is migh-ty mud-dy. Nev-er mind! a good roll on the grass will make me quite clean a-gain.”

She had just dipped her big paw in-to the wa-ter when an an-gry duck, fol-lowed by a fleet of soft duck-lings, popped her head out a-mong the reeds, mak-ing a tre-men-dous chat-ter-ing.

THE DOG IN THE DUCK-POND.

"You mustn't talk so fast! I don't un-der-stand duck French," said Fan-ny.

"Qu'ck, qu'ck, qu'ck, qu-a-a-ck," went the duck, and oh, how red and an-gry her eyes looked!

If Fan had been a pru-dent dog, I think she would have gone a-way, don't you! But she was so anx-ious for her bath that she paid no at-ten-tion to,; Mrs. Duck, but walked straight in-to the wa-ter.

Bang! went the duck, right a-gainst dog-gy's face and whir-r-r-r-r! went her wings right in dog-gy's eyes and oh, worst of all, she seized Fan's nose in her

sharp bill, and pinched, dear, dear, how she pinched! Fan-ny ut-tered a dis-mal howl, and nev-er stopped run-ning till she reached her own ken-nel.

There she lay down, licked her wound-ed nose, rest-ed her half-blind-ed eyes, and de-cid-ed that ducks were the most sav-age and self-ish of all creat-ures.

"What harm was I do-ing, I should like to know?" she said to her-self. "Cross, spite-ful creat-ure! I will nev-er speak to a duck a-gain."

But it was the duck's own pond, you see.



MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



BA-BY did not re-mem-ber much of her les-son the oth-er day," said mam-ma; "so I have bought an A-B-C book, so that she may learn from that."

"O, may we look at it?" cried Will and E-va.

"Cer-tain-ly," an-swered mam-ma. "And you may set her next les-son."

"Well," said E-va, "sup-pose she learn from L to R. Now let us see what the pict-ures are."

"L is a lion," said Will. "See his mane!"

"M is a mouse," cried E-va. "What a pret-ty lit-tle thing!"

"N is a great nose; how fun-ny! And O is a brown-y down-y owl. P is a pig; Q is a queen, and R is a rab-bit," said mam-ma. "Now that is e-nough for one day, so I will put a mark there, and ba-by shall have her les-son as soon as she wakes up from her nap."

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

HERE is E-va, bringing the A-B-C book to Mam-ma, that Ba-by may have her les-son. Ba-by is



get-ting on ver-y well, and knows all the al-pha-bet down to S. Now let us see what her les-son for to-day is.

S — Spoon. T — Train.
U — Urn. V — Vine. W —
Wasp.

Oh, I must show you the pic-ture that goes with

W, for it is ver-y fun-ny. This boy has been stung by wasps, do you see? and a ter-ri-ble time he is having.

And then came X, which stood for Xy-phi-as, a kind of fish; Y, for yard-stick; and last of all, Z, for Zin-ni-a, a flow-er which grows in man-y gar-dens.

Now Ba-by knows all her let-ters, so next time Mam-ma will teach her some-thing else.



THE CHICK-ENS.

By MYRA MEREDITH.

CHICK! chick! come here! See this fun-ny cracked shell.

Not ver-y long a-go we each had a shell to live in. This was mine. It was smooth and o-val, and made a ver-y fine ap-pear-ance. A good man-y peo-ple wanted it for an-oth-er pur-pose, and we were ver-y hap-py.

It was com-fort-a-ble at first. But for-tune smiled up-on our moth-er. She was ver-y pros-per-ous in her un-der-tak-ings: so in time we out-grew our house. Each day we got more and more puffed up, and its walls seemed to pinch and cramp us un-til we could bear it no long-er. Be-sides, there were no win-dows. Who wants to live with-out win-dows, when win-dows are the fash-ion? Sure-ly, not fine, fat, yel-low chicks! So we set to work to get some light and air, and a lit-tle more room.

But our house, fine-look-

ing as it was, must, af-ter all, have been ver-y poor-ly built, and its walls ver-y thin; for, when we be-gan to peck, we had no soon-er got one lit-tle hole made, than the old thing cracked and split all a-round us, and we were glad to jump out of the ru-ins. We thought per-haps our moth-er would scold, for she was a ver-y pru-dent per-son, and al-ways seemed to have great love for our lit-tle shell hous-es. But no! she ran to meet us with food in her bill, and clucked and strut-ted a-bout, say-ing she was proud of us, ev-er-y-thing had turned out just as she said it would. She al-ways knew we would want to see a lit-tle of the world, and go in-to so-ci-e-ty.

But come, chicks! you pick that wheat, and I'll go to scratch-ing. Moth-er says "we shall have to be in-dus-tri-ous if we ex-pect to suc-ceed in life."

THE CHICK-ENS.



Chick-a-chick-a-chee,
Lit-tle fluf-fy three,
Star-ing at the egg-shells,
Won-der what they be?

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



COME, big chil-dren," said mam-ma. "I am go-ing to give ba-by a les-son, be-cause she doesn't know any-thing."

"Nof-fin at all?" said Ef-fie.

"Noth-ing at all," re-plied mam-ma, "ex-cept how to love us all. What I want, is to teach her her let-ters; and I want each of you in turn to tell her one let-ter of the al-pa-bet, and some-thing for which it stands."

"Oh," said Kate, "and then she can read her own Ba-by Mag-a-zine."

"Just so," said mam-ma. "Kate, you shall be-gin."

"A—arm," said Kate.

"B—bum-ble-bee!" cried Ar-thur.

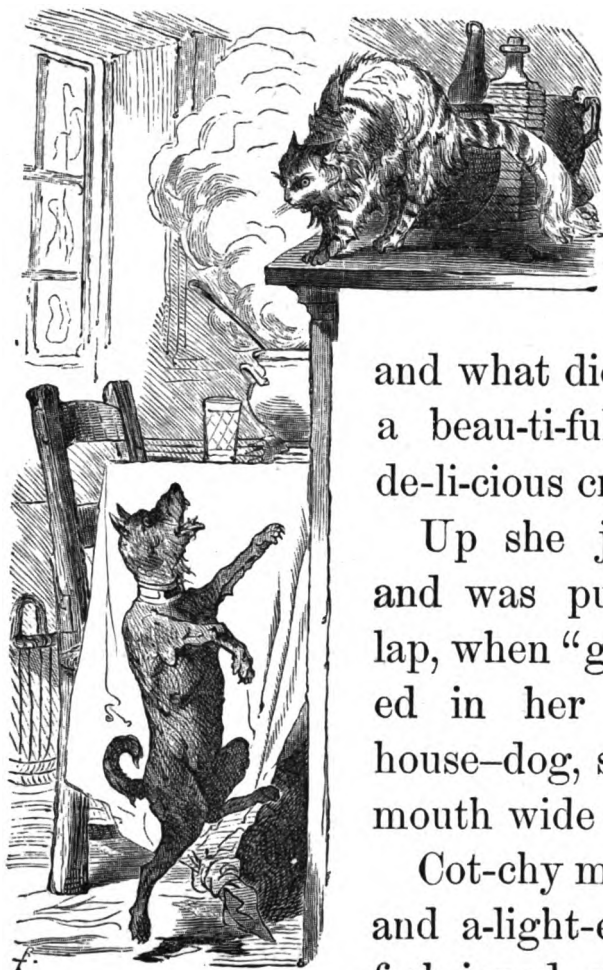
Then they all went on, and ba-by tried to say the let-ters af-ter them. This is what they said:

A, Arm.	E, El-e-phant.
B, Bum-ble-bee.	F, Fox-y.
C, Chick-a-dee.	G, Goos-y.
D, Dog-gie.	H, Hen-ny-pen-ny

"Pen-ny!" cried ba-by. "Want pen-ny!" and she be-gan to fret a lit-tle.

"She is tired," said mam-ma. "We must fin-ish the les-son to-mor-row. Run a-way now, chick-ens!" and a-way they all went.

COT-CHY AND SNAP.



COT-CHY was a good lit-tle cat, but she had one fault: she was too fond of cream.

She was left a-lone in the din-ing-room once, and what did she spy on the ta-ble but a beau-ti-ful blue pitch-er filled with de-li-cious cream!

Up she jumped, naugh-ty Cot-chy, and was put-ting out her tongue to lap, when “gr-r-r-yow! yow!!” sound-ed in her ear. Snap, the o-di-ous house-dog, stood close to her, with his mouth wide o-pen, all read-y to bite!

Cot-chy made a tre-men-dous spring, and a-light-ed safe-ly on the tall, old-fash-ioned man-tel-piece. Snap was wild with dis-ap-point-ed rage, and danced first on one foot and then on the oth-er. He could not reach her, try as hard as he might.

“Catch me if you can, Mr. Snap,” said Cot-chy; “but, O, how I did burn my poor tail in that hot soup! It was all the cook’s fault for not mak-ing the soup cold.”

Now I should say that the fault was Mrs. Cot-chy’s for try-ing to steal cream.

OUR HORSE MACK.

By MYRA MEREDITH.

THIS is our horse, and his name is Mack. He is gen-tle and kind, and don't you think he is ver-y hand-some? See what a large, dark eye he has, and how thick his mane is, and his coat is glos-sy and black. We all love Mack, for he gives us such nice rides! Su-sie and I pick clo-ver blos-soms, and ten-der, green grass for him, in the fields. When he sees us com-ing with it in our hands, he paws the ground with one of his fore-feet, and makes a noise that is called whin-ny-ing. That is his way of ask-ing for it, and the on-ly way in which he can say "If you please," be-cause he can-not talk.

Some-times pa-pa holds ba-by up and lets her give Mack an ap-ple, and Mack takes it in-to his mouth ver-y care-ful-ly, and does not bite her lit-tle hand, and

then ba-by laughs and pats his neck.

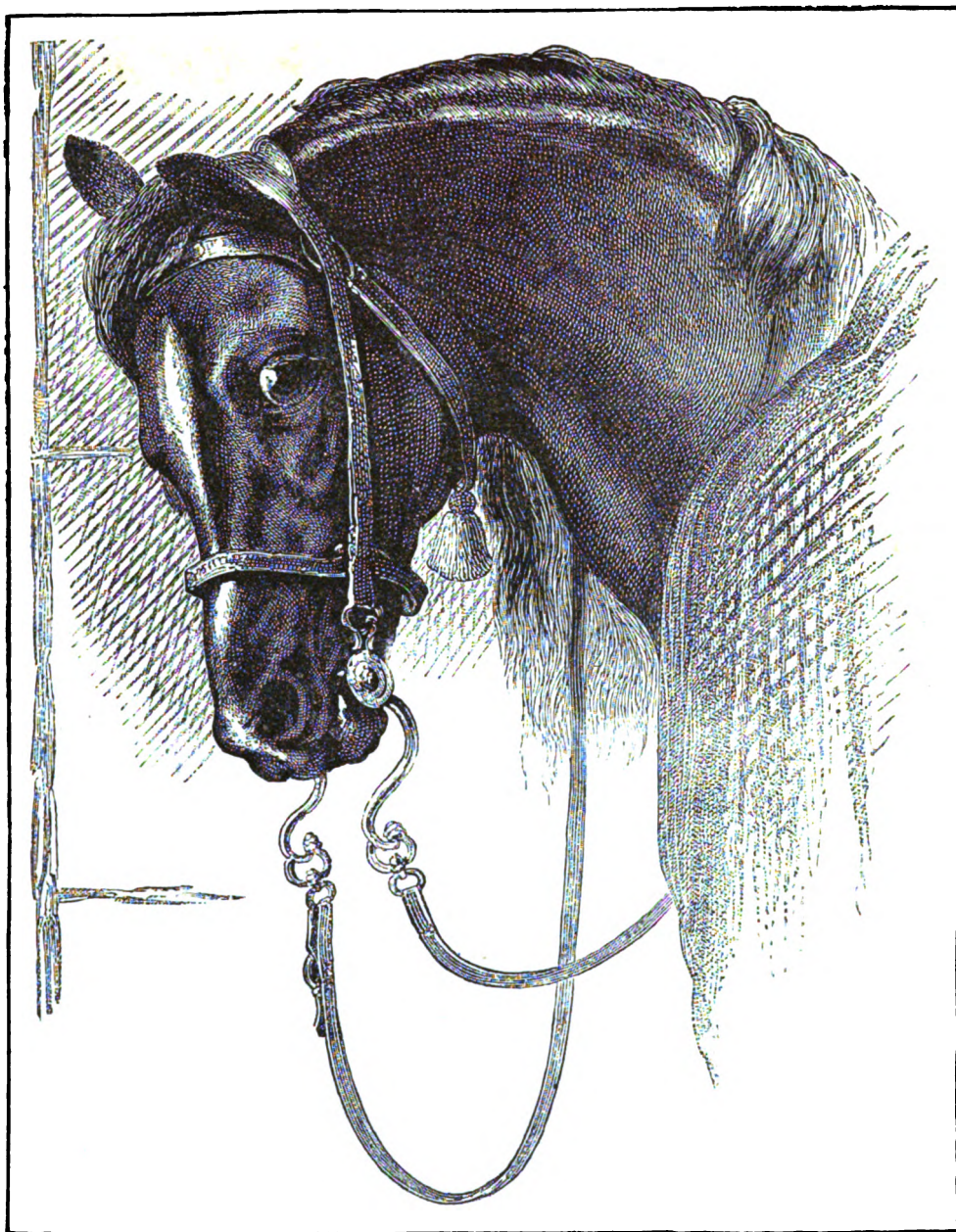
Mack is wait-ing now for pa-pa to come and ride on his back. He is all sad-dled and bri-dled. See how he pricks his ears up; he is list-en-ing to hear his mas-ter's foot-steps.

Here comes pa-pa, and Mack looks ver-y glad to see him.

Pa-pa throws a kiss to mam-ma, and shakes his hand to ba-by, who is be-ing held up to the win-dow to see him start. Now he kis-ses sis-ter Su-sie and me, and jumps on Mack's back, and off they go.

When I am a big boy, pa-pa says I shall ride on Mack's back; and when I am a man I am go-ing to have a nice black horse and call him Mack, and I will ride a-way for miles and miles, just as my dear pa-pa does.

OUR HORSE MACK.



A horse to love, to feed, to pet,
That horse is our dear Mack;
He'll draw us in a car-riage fine,
Trot with us on his back.

THE LIT-TLE MOTH-ER.

MY dear dol-ly! O my own good child! what should I do with-out you? Broth-er Will laughs at her, and says she is ug-ly, which is not true. I am will-ing, how-ev-er, to con-fess that I have seen pret-ti-er dolls; for I don't think that a moth-er ought to be blind, like Mil-ly Ward, for in-stance, who in-sists that her black Chlo-e is more beau-ti-ful than the love-li-est wax fair-y; but I will say that I have *nev-er* seen such a good, sweet-tem-pered doll as my Ro-sa-lie. Nev-er fret-ful or pee-vish, as wax dolls are so apt to be, but al-ways wear-ing the same sweet smile, no mat-ter what may hap-pen. E-ven on that dread-ful day (it makes me shud-der to think of it) when Will put out one of her dear eyes with his pea-shoot-er, the dar-ling nev-er com-plained, though she must have suf-fered fright-ful-ly, both then

and when the new eye was put in.

An-oth-er great com-fort is, that she is so well and strong al-ways. Now, Cou-sin Nell's Mi-ran-da, who is so ver-y fine, and can move her head and arms and legs, is real-ly a great-er care than I should wish a child of mine to be. She has a stiff neck more than half the time, I think, and she suf-fers con-stant-ly from rheum-a-tism in her joints; while Ro-sa-lie, who has not a joint in her bod-y, is al-ways in per-fect health. But then, Nell says she likes to have her dolls sick, for she is fond of mak-ing pills and pow-ders for them, and put-ting their feet in hot wa-ter.

Well, Ro-sa-lie, my pet, you are not such a fine la-dy as Mi-ran-da, but I love you a thou-sand times bet-ter; and, pret-ty or not, you cer-tain-ly are the best and dear-est doll in the world.

THE LIT-TLE MOTH-ER.



- A hap-pi-er cou-ple I nev-er did see
Than lit-tle Pau-line and her dear Ro-sa-lie.
A good lit-tle doll and a good lit-tle child,
To judge from their fa-ces, so cheer-ful and mild.

BA-BY'S CON-CERT.

ONE day two lit-tle sis-
ters were play-ing in
their nurs-er-y. Their names
were Blanche and Li-sa.
They were rath-er tired of
their toys, and did not feel
ver-y hap-py. So they be-
gan to fret and pout at
each oth-er, I am sor-ry to
say. Pres-ent-ly their Mam-
ma came in and said, "I am
go-ing to take a walk, and
I want a lit-tle nurse to take
care of Ba-by while I am
gone. Are there any nurs-es
here, I won-der?" Up sprang
the two chil-dren, their fa-
ces beam-ing with de-light.

"Here are two nurs-es,
Mam-ma!" they cried. "We
will take care of Ba-by. Dear
Ba-by! where is he?"

So Ba-by was brought in,
in his lit-tle cra-dle, and
Mam-ma kissed them all,
and then went a-way.

"Now, Ba-by pet," said
Li-sa, "what shall we do to
a-muse you?"

"Ga-goo!" re-plied Ba-by.

"What do you think he
means?" asked Blanche.

"I know!" cried Li-sa.
"He means rat-tle; at least
it sounds more like that
than an-y-thing else. I'll
bring one."

"I will play on my har-
mon-i-con, and we will have
a con-cert," said Blanche.

So Li-sa sat down on the
floor with the rat-tle, and
Blanche stood on the oth-er
side of the cra-dle, and then
the con-cert be-gan. This is
what it sound-ed like.

"Twee-dle - dy-dum - dee!
Twee-dle-dy-dee-dum! Rat-
tle-ty rin-gle-ty rat-tle-ty rig-
a-jig-jig!"

Don't you think that is
ver-y pret-ty? Ba-by thought
so at an-y rate, for when
Mam-ma came back he was
scream-ing with laugh-ter
and kick-ing his heels a-bout,
and the three to-geth-er were
mak-ing such a rack-et, that
Mam-ma could not hear her-
self speak.

THE LIT-TLE NURS-ES.



Twee-dle-dy-*dum*-dum! twee-dle-dy-*dee*!
We're tak-ing care of Ba-by, as an-y one can see!
Twee-dle-dy-*dee*-dee! twee-dle-dy-*da*!
And ver-y nice nurs-es Mam-ma says we are.

BA-BY'S DIN-NER PAR-TY.



Ba-by likes his sis-ter May,
And Ba-by likes his din-ner ;
But which is best he will not say,
The rogu-ish lit-tle sin-ner !

BA-BY'S DIN-NER PAR-TY.

ONE day a lit-tle wee boy, whom I knew ver-y well, took it in-to his wee head to be naugh-ty a-bout his din-ner. He didn't want por-ridge, he said, and he didn't want his por-ringer, but he wanted to eat real din-ner, just like Pa-pa and Mam-ma. At least, if he did not quite say all this, he made us un-der-stand it ver-y well. Nurse said he was a naugh-ty ba-by; but his sis-ter May, who loved him ver-y much, ran and asked her moth-er if she might not give Ba-by boy a lit-tle din-ner par-ty, just her own way.

"Yes," said her moth-er, "if you are not troub-le-some."

Then May brought her own pret-ty lit-tle ta-ble, and put it in a cor-ner of the din-ing room, and set a cush-ion on the floor be-side it, and on the cush-ion she set Ba-by boy.

Oh! what a proud boy he

was! Then, when din-ner was put on the ta-ble, May asked for a big plate of real soup, and a great spoon.

When she got all these things, it was ver-y pret-ty to see her feed her lit-tle broth-er so care-ful-ly that nev-er a drop was spilled. Once he hap-pened to turn round, and saw that his fa-ther was break-ing bits of bread in-to his soup.

"Me too, bread! me too!" cried Mas-ter Ba-by.

So some bread was brought to his lit-tle Maj-es-ty's ta-ble, and for some time he was so bu-sy crumb-ing it up that he for-got his din-ner.

"Come, sir!" said May. "Pa-pa will fin-ish be-fore you do!"

On hear-ing that, the lit-tle fel-low went to work in ear-nest. And I as-sure you that by the time he had fin-ished his din-ner, he felt as tall as his fa-ther, and, if any-thing, a lit-tle bit tall-er!

SILK-AND-SIL-VER.

THIS is a true sto-ry a-bout the lit-tle girl in the pict-ure on the first page. Her par-ents called her "Silk-and-Sil-ver," because she had such pret-ty fair hair. She was a dear lit-tle child, but she liked to have her own way. Once Silk-and-Sil-ver's par-ents went on a jour-ney, and left her un-der the care of her sis-ter Mar-i-on. Mar-i-on was good and kind, and tried to make the lit-tle girl hap-py; but Silk-and-Sil-ver did not al-ways like to o-bey a girl who was not so ver-y man-y years old-er than her-self.

One day, as they were sit-ting at din-ner, Silk-and-Sil-ver took up a spoon and be-gan to drink her wa-ter by spoon-fuls, spill-ing some on the ta-ble-cloth.

"Don't do that, dear," said Mar-i-on, gen-tly.

But Silk-y went on just the same.

"You *must* not do so!" said her sis-ter.

"Will!" ex-claimed Silk-and-Sil-ver. "Will-will-will. *Will!*"

Mar-i-on then qui-et-ly took a-way the glass of wa-ter; but the lit-tle girl be-gan to scream and kick so, that she had to be car-ried up-stairs. She cried for some time; then she said, sud-den-ly, "I will just tell mam-ma a-bout this!" So she sat down and wrote a let-ter; and this is what she wrote:

"DEAR MAM-MA:

"I wish you would — [she for-got to fin-ish that sen-tence.] Mar-i-on is so un-kind. She took a-way my gliss of wat-ter.

"Your un-hap-py daugh-ter,
"SILK-AND-SIL-VER."

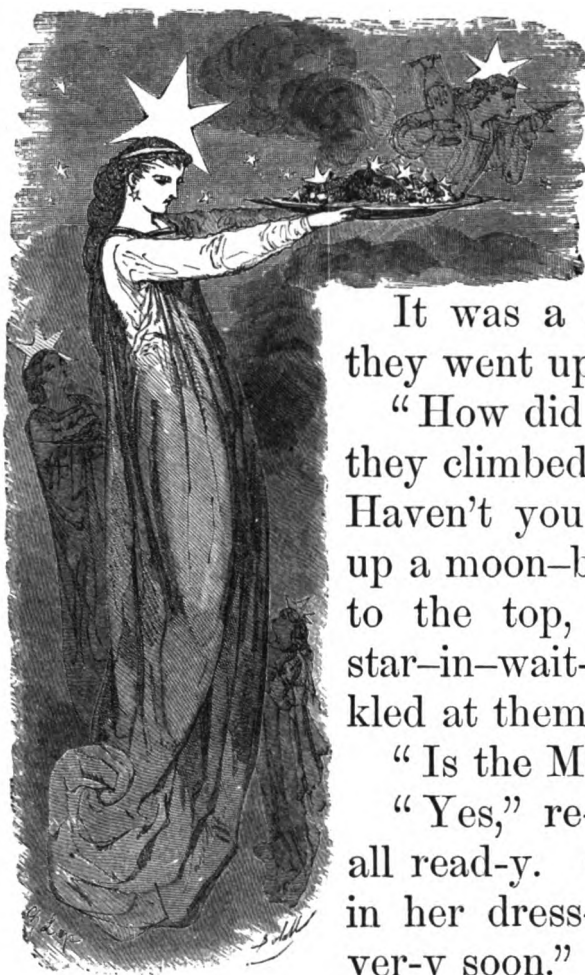
Silk-and-Sil-ver is a tall and beau-ti-ful la-dy now. How she will laugh if she sees this sto-ry!

SILK-AND-SIL-VER'S LET-TER.



You fun-ny, lit-tle, ti-ny mite !
And can you real-ly, tru-ly write ?
"In-deed I can !" says lit-tle Miss ;
"Peep o-ver my shoul-der, and look at this !"

THE MOON'S TEA-PARTY.



HAVE you ev-er heard of the two chil-dren who took tea with the Moon? "No?" Then I will tell you a-bout them.

It was a fine e-ven-ing in June that they went up; and —

"How did they get up there?" Why, they climbed up a moon-beam, of course. Haven't you ev-er seen an-y-bod-y climb up a moon-beam? Well, when they got to the top, they were met by the first star-in-wait-ing, who smiled and twinkled at them ver-y pleas-ant-ly.

"Is the Moon at home?" they asked.

"Yes," re-plied the Star, "and tea is all read-y. Come in! Her Maj-es-ty is in her dress-ing-cloud, but will be down ver-y soon."

She took the chil-dren in-to the din-ing-room, where the ta-ble was laid; and then she rang a bell, and sang,

"Lu-na-tic, Moon-a-tic Maj-es-ty,
oh!
Come to your sup-per-y up-per-y
oh!"

Then a cloud o-pened, and out came the Moon. She was

a fat, hand-some la-dy, with a crown of stars; and she shone so bright-ly that the chil-dren's eyes were daz-zled.

"How are you?" she said sweet-ly. "Where's the cheese, Ve-nus?"

Ve-nus brought the cheese, and they all sat down and ate it. This was the sup-

THE MOON'S TEA-PAR-TY.

per, ex-cept some mel-ons, of which the Moon ate great quan-ti-ties.

"I eat these to make my light mel-low," she explained. "The word mel-on is a con-trac-tion of 'mel-low one,' you know."

"Is it?" asked the children, in sur-prise.

"Yes, it is!" cried the Moon. "Don't ex-press doubt, for that up-sets my nerves, and might give me an e-clipse."

"I thought the Earth did that," said they.

"An-y-thing dis-a-gree-a-ble does it," re-plied the Moon has-ti-ly. "The Earth is dis-a-gree-a-ble, so she does it. Hate-ful creat-ures! how dare you men-tion her?" and off she went in-to her cloud, in a huff.

"You should not speak of such things to her Maj-es-ty," said Ve-nus.

"In-deed!" cried the children. "We did not mean to vex her."



"Well, you'd bet-ter go now," said the Star. "You may come some time and see us a-gain. When-ev-er you see me wink for-ty times in suc-ces-sion, con-sid-er your-selves in-vit-ed. Good-bye. There's your moon-beam." And off she twin-kled, sing-ing,

"Lu-na-tic, Moon-a-tic Maj-es-ty,
oh!"

STO-LEN PLEAS-URE.

DO you think that the three boys in that boat look ver-y hap-py? "No, in-deed!" I hear you say. Well, they do not de-serve to be hap-py, for they have been ver-y naugh-ty; and now they are be-ing pun-ished. They were stroll-ing a-long the beach, when they saw a boat drawn up on the sand, and look-ing ver-y tempt-ing.

"I won-der whose boat it is?" said Dick Gray.

"I know," re-plied Will Brown. "It be-longs to Cap-tain Hall. Let's take a lit-tle row; no one will be the wis-er for it."

So the boat was pushed off, and the boys jumped in-to it and rowed off in fine style. So bu-sy were they in try-ing their strength and skill, tak-ing turns at the oars, that they nev-er once thought of look-ing up at the sky, or of no-tic-ing the di-rec-tion they were tak-ing. Sud-den-ly the sky was dark-ened, and look-ing up,

they saw black clouds cover-ing the sun, and hur-ry-ing up from all sides. The wind fresh-ened, and soon was blow-ing a stiff breeze, curl-ing the smooth wa-ter in-to a thou-sand rip-ples.

"We'd bet-ter turn back, boys," said Ned Green. "A storm is com-ing up. But—but—why, boys, where are we?"

Where were they, sure e-nough? Out in the mid-dle of the har-bor, a mile from shore, with a heav-y thun-der-storm close up-on them. The wind blew hard-er and hard-er, the waves rose, and the rain came down. The boys were soon wet to the skin, and fright-ened out of their wits; but luck-i-ly no worse be-fell them, for the cap-tain of a fish-ing-smack saw them, and took them on board. Be-fore night they were safe at home, af-ter mak-ing a hum-ble a-pol-o-gy to Cap-tain Hall. I do not think they ev-er stole a boat a-gain.

OUT AT SEA.



We're out at sea ! we're out at sea !
But it isn't at all what we thought it would be.
We're fright-ened to death, and wet to the skin,
And sha'n't we be thank-ful the shore to win !

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



HERE are our Ba-by's broth-ers and sis-ters, and some of their lit-tle friends, stud-y-ing their les-sons at school. Shall we peep o-ver their shoul-ders, Ba-by, and see what they are learn-ing? Stop; first let us count them. How man-y, Ba-by? Ba-by counts, and then says, "Eight." That is right. Now, what do you sup-pose those queer fig-ures are on the page that Lu-cy is look-ing at? "Can't guess?" Well, those are the signs of the num-bers you have just been say-ing: one, two, three, four, and all the rest of them. Would you

like to learn them, Ba-by? I think you can ea-si-ly, for they are not ver-y man-y.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There we have them up to nine. Now when we want to write *ten*, we must be-gin with one a-gain, put-ting af-ter it a fig-ure called ze-ro, which is like round 0; thus, 10. Then, for e-lev-en we put an-oth-er 1 after the first, thus, 11; for twelve, a 2, thus, 12; and so on till we come to twen-ty, when we put a 2 and a ze-ro, thus, 20. And now, as such a wee child as Ba-by will not be like-ly to count high-er than 20, we will stop there.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



THERE are Mam-ma, and Ba-by, and Wal-ter, and Wal-ter's pet dog, Flick. Flick has been a-mus-ing Ba-by with his tricks, and now Wal-ter wants to teach Ba-by to spell dog.

"D-o-g," he says. "Ba-by, say d-o-g."

But Ba-by has not got quite so far as that yet. She can say "b-a-ba," and "b-o-

bo," but she thinks "d-o-g" is a lit-tle too hard for her. Wal-ter, you see, is a good deal old-er than Ba-by, and he can spell a good man-y words; "cat," and "pig," and "horse," and "boy," and a great man-y oth-ers. Mam-ma tells him that when Ba-by is as old as he is, she will be a-ble to spell quite as well.

A STRANGE PLAY-FEL-LOW.



IT was din-ner-time. The moth-er came to the door and called,

“Gre-ta! Hans! leave your play, and come to din-ner.” But no mer-ry voic-es an-swered her.

The moth-er came out and looked all a-round, call-ing the chil-dren. The moth-er now be-came anx-i-ous, and called her hus-band.

“Fritz,” she said, “I can-not find the chil-dren, and I fear they are lost.”

“Per-haps they are hid-ing some-where, in sport,” said the fa-ther; and he called

loud-ly, “My chil-dren, you have played e-nough now, come home at once.” All was still.

“Can they have strayed in-to the for-est?” asked the moth-er, fear-ful-ly.

“Heav-en for-bid!” said the fa-ther. “Still, we must look there. I will take my gun, and Karl shall take his pitch-fork, for bears have been seen late-ly in the for-est. You would bet-ter stay at home, wife.”

“No,” she said, “I can-not stay at home while my chil-dren are in dan-ger.”

A STRANGE PLAY-FEL-Low.

So the three start-ed, and soon they en-tered the gloom-y for-est. They slowly pushed their way through the tan-gled un-der-brush. The birds sang to them o-ver-head, and the squirrels chirped from the branch-es, but for a long time no oth-er sound was heard. At length, oh joy! they heard a lit-tle voice sing-ing mer-ri-ly:

In spring-time, in spring-time, a
joy-ous life is ours;
Here through the mead-ow-land,
there through the flow-ers.

"It is Gre-ta," cried the moth-er. "My chil-dren are found. God be praised!"

"Hush!" said the fa-ther. "We must not fright-en them. Let us go soft-ly."

They soon came to an o-pen space be-tween the trees, and there, what a sight met their eyes! A huge black bear was stand-ing qui-et-ly, snif-fing at some flow-ers which Gre-ta

held in her hand, and on his back sat lit-tle Hans, laugh-ing mer-ri-ly, and kick-ing the bear's shag-gy sides with his feet. At first the poor par-ents were too much ter-rified to stir. The moth-er sank on her knees. The fa-ther raised his gun and aimed it at the bear, when sud-den-ly Gre-ta looked up and saw him.

"No, fa-ther, no!" she screamed. "Do not shoot our dear bear, our kind friend!" and she threw her arms round the shag-gy neck. The bear looked round and saw the man and the gun. He gave a low growl, and, crouch-ing down, he shook Hans gen-tly off in-to the long grass. Then, with an-oth-er low growl, which seemed to say, "Good bye, lit-tle ones!" he trot-ted off a-mong the trees. The chil-dren were clasped in their par-ents' arms, and soon, with thank-ful hearts, they reached their home.

BIL-LY BLOS-SOM'S SLED.



BIL-LY BLOS-SOM had no sled! Was there ev-er a sad-der thing for a coun-try boy? He *had* had one, as good a sled as an-y in the vil-lage. But once some ver-y care-less per-son (Bil-ly did not think it could have been him-self, but some peo-ple thought dif-fer-ent-ly) left it out of doors o-ver night, and the next morn-ing it was gone. Bil-ly begged ver-y hard for an-oth-er, but

his fa-ther said that sleds were on-ly for boys who could take care of them. Poor Bil-ly! At first he was heart-brok-en; and that af-ter-noon he went out to watch the oth-er boys coast-ing, emp-ty-handed, and with a very long and so-ber face. At sup-per-time, how-ev-er, he came in with spark-ling eyes, and told his fa-ther that he had got a new sled.

BIL-LY BLOS-SOM'S SLED.

"In-deed!" said his father. "And, pray, where did you get it?"

Bil-ly laughed, and going in-to the wood-shed, came back, drag-ging after him a great, square piece of birch-bark, with a string fast-ened to it.

"There, fa-ther," he said, "I found this out in the shed, and it re-al-ly makes a ver-y good sled."

His fa-ther laughed, and on-ly said he hoped it would last long-er than the oth-er had. But Bil-ly had learned a les-son; and ev-e-ry night the bark sled was care-ful-ly hung up in the shed, and tak-en as good care of as if it had been the fin-est coast-er in the vil-lage. His fa-ther no-ticed this, though he said noth-ing a-bout it. Sev-er-al weeks went by, and the lit-tle boy was still con-tent-ed and hap-py with his queer sled. At last, one ev-en-ing, when Bil-ly went

to put a-way his sled, he saw some-thing which as-ton-ished him so that he sat down on the floor of the wood-shed and stared as if he could not be-lieve his eyes. Was he a-sleep and dream-ing, or was that his lost sled stand-ing a-gainst the wall? He took it up and looked at it, and felt of it all o-ver. Much ex-cit-ed, he ran in-to the kitch-en and told his fa-ther of the won-der-ful thing that had hap-pened.

"Ver-y strange," said his fa-ther; "ver-y strange, in-deed!" and then he gave a fun-ny smile, and Mrs. Blossom laughed; and then, sud-den-ly, Bil-ly seemed to un-der-stand all a-bout it.

"O, fa-ther," he cried, "it was you who took it! You did it to make me more care-ful, didn't you?"

"I did, my boy," re-plied his fa-ther, "and I think I have suc-ceed-ed."

MR. SAM-SON'S WATER-MELONS.

By AUNT BATH-SHE-BA.



THERE was once a gentle-man named Mr. Sam-son, who had a fine mel-on patch. He was ver-y fond of mel-ons, but was sel-dom a-ble to eat an-y, for the peo-ple who lived in the vil-lage would steal his fruit. Mr. Sam-son tried man-traps and spring-guns in vain; he could not catch the thieves. At length he said, "I know what I'll do: I'll buy a BIG

DOG!" And he did, a ver-y fierce one. He was glad to see how much ev-er-y one was a-fraid of his dog.

One day Mr. Sam-son told Dump, the garden-er, to pick the largest mel-on for din-ner.

"Please, sir, I would rath-er not," said Dump. "Growl-gob-ble is so ver-y fierce that I don't dare go near him."

Mr. Sam-son was pro-voked at Dump's cow-ard-ice, and de-clared he would go him-self.

So he took a big stick and walked o-ver to the mel-on patch. Growl-gob-ble was ly-ing be-side the big-gest mel-on, and snarled ver-y cross-ly. Mr. S. said, in a se-vere tone, "Go a-way, dog! go a-way!" But he sprang at his mas-ter, bark-ing fierce-ly, and pull-ing his chain till it near-ly broke.

By this time Mrs. S. had come in-to the gar-den.

MR. SAM-SON'S WA-TER-MEL-ONS.

"Why don't you pick the mel-ons, Mr. S.?" asked his wife.

"Growl-gob-ble won't let me go near them!" re-plied her hus-band.

"Let me try, Eb-en-ez-er!" Mrs. Sam-son went cau-tious-ly up to the dog, hold-ing out a piece of meat. Growl-gob-ble took the meat, and e-ven al-lowed her to pat his head.

"How much bet-ter wom-en can do these things than men!" thought Mrs. Sam-son, as she stooped to pluck the mel-on. Sud-den-ly the dog made a dash and seized her by the skirts. "Oh dear! Oh, my best po-lo-naise! What shall I do? oh, oh!"

"Pull the dress a-way from him!" shout-ed Mr. Sam-son.

"What, tear my best gown! Will you give me a new dress?" shrieked the la-dy.

"Yes, yes; an-y-thing!" was the an-swer.



Rish-rash, rish-rash! went the dress, and Mrs. Sam-son fled, leav-ing half her skirt in the dog's mouth.

Yes, Mr. Sam-son gave her a fine, new dress.

Oh, the mel-ons?

Well, Mr. Sam-son did not eat an-y that year, but he had a most charm-ing view of them from his par-lor win-dow.

A "CAR-RY-ALL" AT HOME.



IN a hap-py lit-tle school, some chil-dren were re-cit-ing their spell-ing les-son. One of them had just spelled the word Car-ry-all, and the teach-er asked him what it meant.

"O!" said lit-tle Ja-mie, "it means Mr. Brown's car-riage, and it means my pa-pa, too."

"Your pa-pa, Ja-mie?" said the teach-er. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Ja-mie, "one

day pa-pa came home ear-ly, and he played with us be-fore we went to bed. He got down on his hands and knees, and we got on his back, and rode round the room. Mam-ma said he was a car-ry-all. And so he is."

"Pooh!" said Tom-my Tuck-er. "I know a bet-ter car-ry-all than that! One day mam-ma took me to Cen-tral Park; and we saw all sorts of things there, swans, and horses, and boats."

A "CAR-RY-ALL" AT CEN-TRAL PARK.

"Well, none of those is a car-ry-all," said Ja-mie.

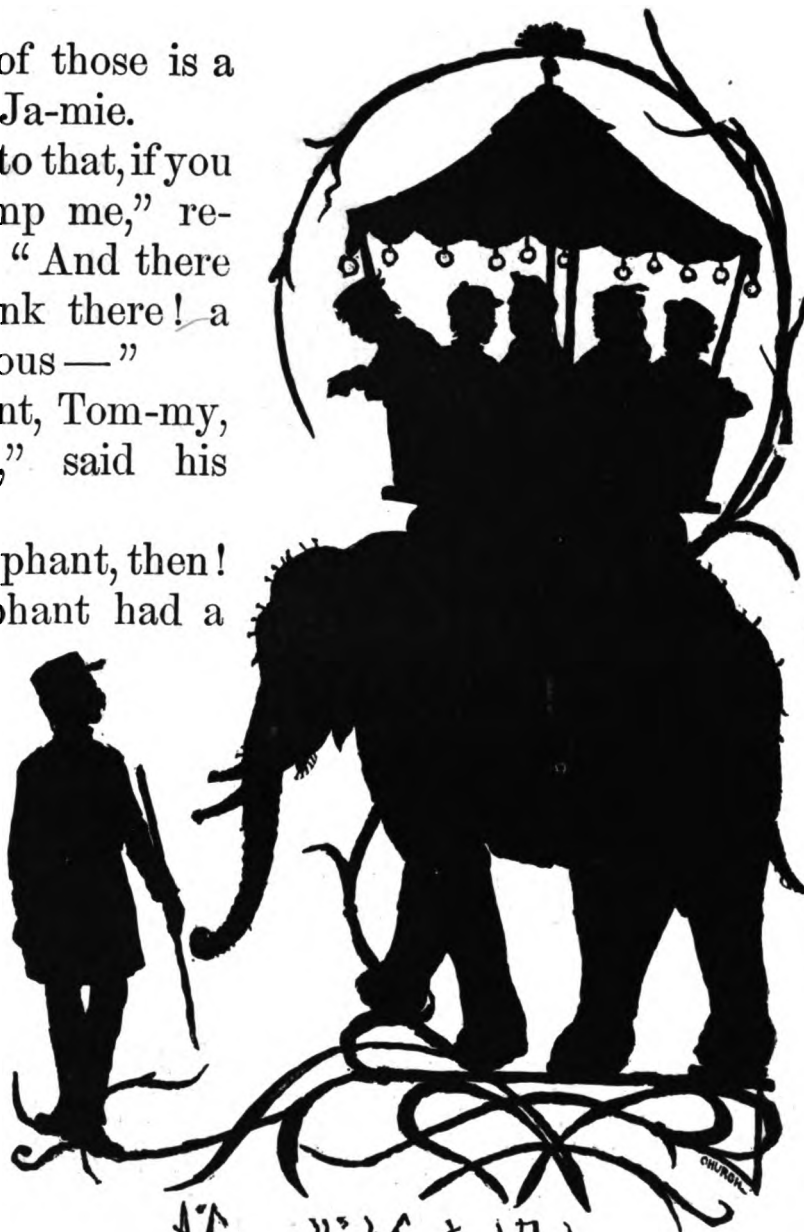
"I'm com-ing to that, if you won't in-ker-rump me," replied Tom-my. "And there was a lel-e-phank there! a great, mon-ster-ous —"

"Say el-e-phank, Tom-my, not lel-e-phank," said his teach-er.

"Well, a nel-e-phank, then! And the nel-e-phank had a love-ly lit-tle house on his back. And a man put us in-to it, and the nel-e-phank walked all round the park with us. And it was love-ly. And mam-ma said that was the best car-ry-all she ev-er saw. And she knows!"

"Boo - hoo!" said lit-tle Ja-mie. "A-a-ah!"

"Why, Ja-mie dear!" said the teach-er; "what are you



A Carryall at Central Park.

cry-ing for, my lit-tle boy?"

"A-hoo!" sobbed Ja-mie.

"He said — boo! — that a big ug-ger-ly el-e-phank was better than my own dear pa-pa!"

MISS TAB-I-THA TRIM-TAIL.



Miss Tab-i-tha Tickle-mouse had been care-ful-ly washed, and dried, and combed, and then splen-did-ly dressed in a full suit of car-di-nal rib-bons, one a-round her neck, and one in each ear. Her smooth, gray coat shone like sat-in; her eyes spar-kled like twin em-er-alds, and al-to-geth-er she was a cat to be proud of. So her mis-tress thought, and so ev-e-ry-bod-y thought at the pho-to-graph rooms where

THIS is a por-trait of Miss Tab-i-tha Tickle-mouse Trim-tail, a ver-y fine and a ver-y proud cat, as an-y one can see. You see her in this first pic-ture just as she looked one day when her mis-tress meant to have her pho-to-graph tak-en. I say "meant to," be-cause — well, nev-er-mind now.

she took her. Mr. Brown said she was a great beau-ty, and would make a fine pic-ture. He got ev-e-ry-thing read-y, and then Miss Tab-i-tha was placed on a red vel-vet cush-ion, in a red vel-vet chair, and wheeled di-rect-ly in front of the ma-chine. But, ah! "there's man-y a slip 'twixt cup and

MISS TAB-I-THA TRIM-TAIL.

lip." (Ask your Mamma what that means, and she will tell you.) Just at that moment the cat caught sight of a dog! It was not a large dog; it was not even a live dog, but a harm-less lit-tle stuffed poo-dle, which Mr. Brown kept there to a-muse chil-dren. One spring from the red vel-vet cush-ion, and the next min-ute she was here and there and ev-e-ry-where. Up on the ma-chine, nearly tip-ping it o-ver; down on the coun-ter, crash-ing through the glass; bounc-ing up a-gainst the stove, get-ting more and more fright-ened at each at-tempt to catch her and each new dan-ger she got in-to. At length Mr. Brown ran at her with a ta-ble-cloth, mean-ing to throw it o-ver her; but with one spring she dashed through the win-dow, and



dis-ap-peared! Her mis-tress went home cry-ing, and sent no-ti-ces to all the pa-pers. The next day a strange man came to the house, bring-ing a for-lorn cat, with one ear torn, one eye shut up, and a singed tail, in whom no-bod-y but a lov-ing mis-tress would have rec-og-nized the once su-perb Miss Tab-i-tha Tic-kle-mouse Trim-tail.

THE DUCK WHOSE BILL WAS NEV-ER SHUT.

By AUNT BATH-SHE-BA.

WELL, I won-der wheth-er this egg ev-er will hatch," said old Moth-er Duck. "All the oth-er eggs turned in-to pret-ty duck-lings full two days a-go, and this one does n't show the least sign of hatch-ing! I'll wait till to-mor-row, and then I can't wait an-y long-er. Why, that old Mus-cov-y drake is al-read-y try-ing to coax my lit-tle flock a-way from me, and is teach-ing them to swim in the most in-cor-rect man-ner!"

So grum-bled old Moth-er Duck. Nev-er-the-less she stayed pa-tient-ly on her nest; at last she heard a faint peck-ing at the shell.

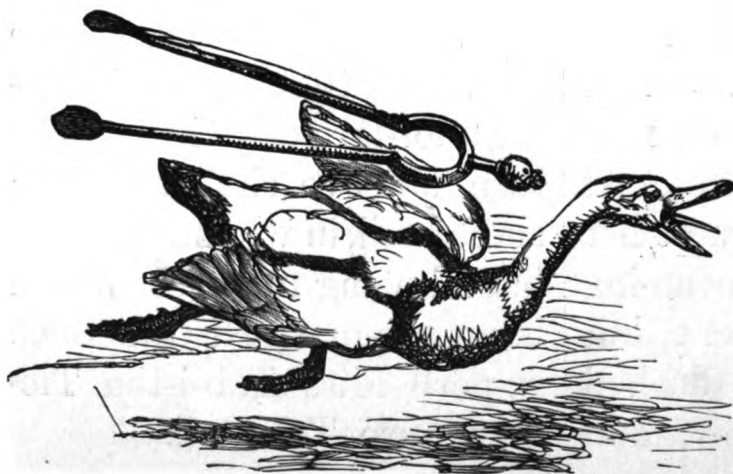


How glad she was that she need not set an-y long-er! For she had scarce-ly left her pre-cious eggs dur-ing three long weeks.

"You're a nice, fat chick-ling," said Mam-ma Duck, "but why do you talk so much, my child?"

"Quack, quack, Mam-ma! I must talk! my bill won't stay shut; quack, quack."

"Hum," re-plied Mam-ma Duck, "I nev-er saw a duck-ling be-fore whose bill was o-pen when he came out of the shell. Quack, quack; I fear you will be a great quack-y-box."



THE DUCK WHOSE BILL WAS NEV-ER SHUT.

(Quack-y-box is duck language for chat-ter-box, you know.) "Now shut your bill, lit-tle duck-y-dad-dles, and wad-dle a-long with me; spread your toes out flat — that's right."

But the lit-tle new duck-ling didn't keep his bill shut. Per-haps he could n't, per-haps he wouldn't.

He grew fine-ly, and soon be-came a big duck-ling; still his tongue went just the same, as fast and as loud as a mill-clap-per.

One day he thought he would look in-to the kitch-en and see what Dor-o-thy was mak-ing for din-ner. In he went, quack-quack-ing all the time. Now Dor-o-thy was bu-sy at that mo-ment tak-ing some cream puffs out of the o-ven. Duck-y's noise gave her such a start that she dropped the hot pan on her bare arm, and burnt it. "O you ev-er-last-ing duck!" cried Dor-o-thy, and in her an-ger she picked up

the tongs and threw them at Duck-y. A-way he flew, fright-ened al-most to death. He was so anx-ious to get out of the kitch-en that he nev-er no-ticed a large cher-ry pie stand-ing on the ta-ble. Plump! he went right in-to it! A-las, it was a hot pie! And when Duck-y man-aged to scram-ble out of the pie-dish, he saw, to his hor-ror, a large, round spot burned in his breast-feath-ers, just the shape of the pie. No new feath-ers ev-er grew on that place.

The oth-er ducks called him Cher-ry Pie Duck af-ter this, and his friends no-ticed that he kept his bill tight shut — when-ev-er he saw Dor-o-thy.



MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.—THE DOG.



NOW, Ba-by, let us see what we can tell you a-bout the dog. Per-haps, how-ev-er, you can tell me some-thing. What is a dog, in the first place? "An-i-mal," you say. Yes. How man-y legs has it? "Four." Right; and there-fore it is a quad-ru-ped. That is a word mean-ing "with four feet;" so all four-foot-ed an-i-mals are called quad-ru-peds. There are man-y dif-fer-ent kinds of dogs. Most of the dogs that we see a-bout us are gen-tle and tame. They are ver-y grate-ful for kind-ness, and an in-tel-li-gent dog is a ver-y good friend to have. Man-y are kept on-ly as pets; oth-er kinds are used in hunt-ing, and are

ver-y care-ful-ly trained. Their sense of smell is ver-y a-cute, and they al-ways find out where the game is, and show their mas-ter by their ac-tion. In some coun-tries dogs are har-nessed in-to carts, and made to pull heav-y loads. Up in the far north, where there is snow and ice all the year round, the peo-ple use sledg-es in-stead of carts, and these sledg-es are gen-er-al-ly drawn by dogs. Six or eight of them are har-nessed to-geth-er, two by two, and they car-ry the sledge o-ver the fro-zen ice and snow at a tre-men-dous pace. That would seem to us to be a queer way of get-ting a-bout, wouldn't it?

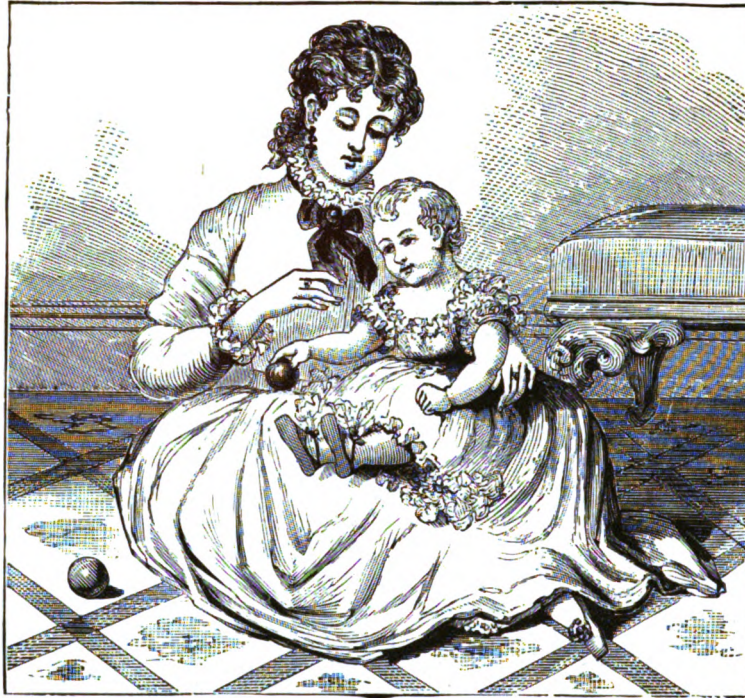
THE ROY-AL FAM-I-LY.

OH! the black-ber-ries!
I. nev-er saw such beau-ties. What a bas-ket-ful I shall have for Mam-ma's break-fast. Large and glos-sy, and black as night. How do you do, sir? You must be the great-great-grand-fa-ther black-ber-ry, I think, for you are the big-gest one I ev-er saw. Or per-haps you are the king! Yes, that must be it, for here is an-oth-er, al-most as big, which must be the queen. Ah! ah! the queen has a sharp lit-tle sword, and she has pricked my fin-ger sad-ly with it. All the bram-bles [they must be the sol-diers, I sup-pose] are catch-ing my dress and pull-ing my sleeve, and try-ing in ev-er-y way to pre-vent me from car-ry-ing off their roy-al mas-ter and mis-tress. But it is of no use, Bram-ble sol-diers! In-to the bas-ket they go, king, and queen, dukes and duch-ess-es, maids of hon-or, and all the court to-geth-er.



They shall be well treat-ed, I as-sure you. As soon as I get home I will put them in a beau-ti-ful glass dish; and they shall be sprin-kled with su-gar, and bathed in cream, and treat-ed with all the re-spect that such high and migh-ty peo-ple de-serve. They may not like to be eat-en, to be sure, but we will take them up in sil-ver spoons, and make it as ea-sy for them as we can.

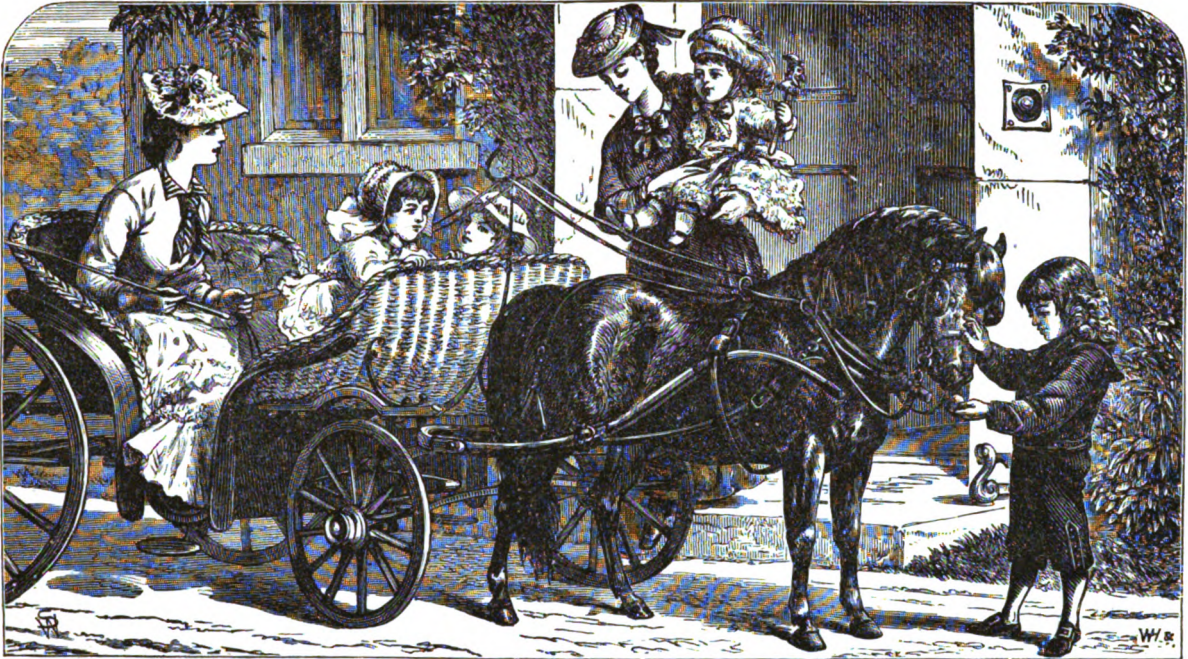
MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



MAM-MA says our Ba-by must learn to count a lit-tle. She takes sev-er-al soft wors-ted balls, of dif-fer-ent col-ors, and shows them to Ba-by. Then she puts one of them on the floor, and says "one ball." Ba-by nods her head, and looks ver-y wise. Then Mam-ma puts down an-oth-er ball be-side the first one, and says "two balls." Then she takes a-way the sec-ond, and re-peats "one ball." Af-ter she has done this once or twice, Ba-by seems

to un-der-stand, so Mam-ma gives her the two balls and says, "Ba-by, put down one ball!" and the dear lit-tle thing puts it down with-out an-y mis-take. "Now two balls, dar-ling!" Down goes the sec-ond ball, and Ba-by laughs and claps her hands when Mam-ma kiss-es her and calls her a clev-er girl. Next time Mam-ma will take three balls, and then four, and so on; and I should not won-der if pret-ty soon Ba-by were a-ble to count up to ten.

GO-ING TO DRIVE.



DRIVE with Aunt Grace in her po-ny car-riage! What could be more de-light-ful? Quick, nurse, get the chil-dren read-y. Put on Dai-sy's hat, and Ka-tie's sun-bon-net, and let them tum-ble in as fast as they can. And then bring down Ba-by Wal-ter, dressed up like a lit-tle prince, with his vel-vet cap and long, white feath-er. Sul-tan, the po-ny, stands ver-y qui-et-ly, while Char-ley pats him and gives him a lump of su-gar. Good Sul-tan! he knows that so man-y chil-dren can-not be got read-y all in a min-ute, and he is in no hur-ry. How pret-ty he is, and how his glos-sy black coat shines, just like sat-in. Now, at last, they are all in the car-riage, and Aunt Grace chir-rups to Sul-tan, and off they go down the av-e-nue. Good bye, lit-tle ones, and a pleas-ant drive to you all! Mam-ma will have a nice sup-per read-y when you come home.

GRAND RACE

BE-TWEEN MR. GREEN WEED-Y BULL-FROG AND MR. WEED-Y GREEN FROG-BULL.

1.

THEY start a-mid much ap-
plause from the spec-ta-tors.

2.

Mr. Bull-frog makes a foul. [I can-not stop to ex-plain what that is. You must ask Pa-pa.] Wild ex-cite-ment a-mong the spec-ta-tors.

3.

They come to the bridge. Mr. Frog-bull gets through safe-ly. Mr. Bull-frog, en-raged at be-ing passed, for-gets to look round, and runs in-to dan-ger.

4.

Fright-ful ac-ci-dent to Mr. Bull-frog, show-ing the dis-ad-van-ta-ges of hav-ing no eyes in the back of one's head. Grief and weep-ing a-mong the friends of Bull-frog.

5.

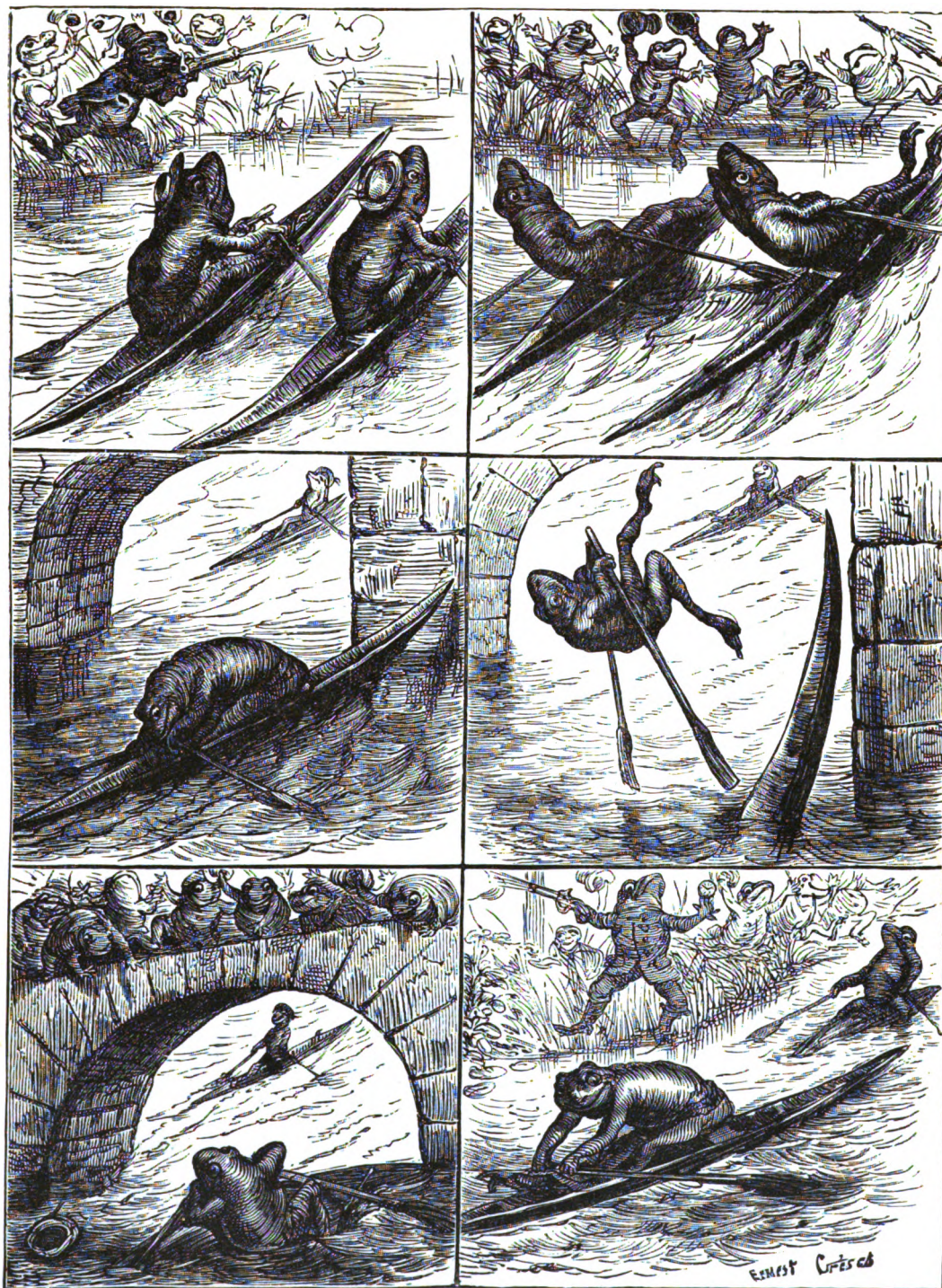
Mr. Bull-frog re-cov-ers him-self and his boat, a-mid wild cheer-ing from his friends on the bridge. Mr. Frog-bull puts out all his strength. Mr. Bull-frog does the same.

6.

End of the race. Mr. Frog-bull comes in first, Mr. Bull-frog be-ing on-ly half a length be-hind. Both re-ceive first priz-es, Mr. Frog-bull be-cause he won the race, and Mr. Bull-frog be-cause he got wet and had the rheum-a-tism, and want-ed some-thing to con-sole him.

Both gen-tle-men are car-ried home in tri-umph by their de-vot-ed ad-mir-ers, and are crowned with flow-ers, to the great de-light of the mul-ti-tude.

A GRAND RACE.



THE DIS-PUTE.

THE ques-tion was, wheth-er the lat-est fash-ion was to have the ears stick-ing up or hang-ing down.

“I al-ways keep mine up,” said the don-key. “In this way I at-tract gen-er-al at-tention to my ears, which are ex-treme-ly beau-ti-ful, and at the same time I can hear a great deal more clear-ly than if they were hang-ing down in the fool-ish fash-ion which some peo-ple think so ver-y pret-ty.”

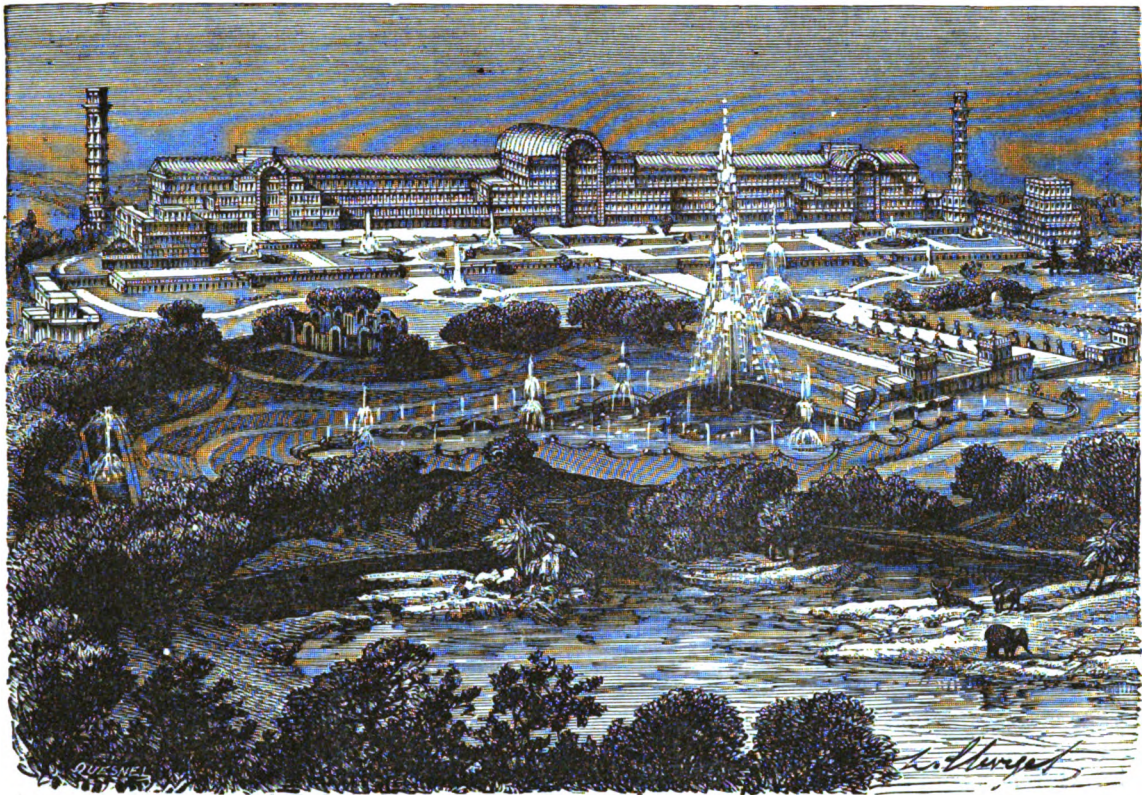
“Your speech,” re-plied the dog, “shows your re-al na-ture. Van-i-ty and stu-pid-i-ty com-bined! A ver-y sad case. It is true that your ears at-tract at-tention, but it is on-ly to make ev-er-y-bod-y laugh at you, and call you a stu-pid beast. Ob-serve, now, the grace and beau-ty of my glos-sy, soft-ly-droop-ing ears. They are mod-est like my-self, but—”



“Oh, ver-y mod-est, tru-ly!” cried the cat. “Now, the truth is, my friends, that nei-ther of you is in the fash-ion at all. Just hand me that pair of scis-sors! I have been in Par-is ver-y late-ly, and I know just the way ears are worn now.”

So say-ing, she took the scis-sors and cropped their ears short, mak-ing them look ex-act-ly like her own.

“Oh, oh!” cried both the an-i-mals. “Mis-er-a-ble cat, what have you done? Our chief beau-ty is gone for-ev-er.” And they rushed up-on the cat, and chased her off the prem-is-es.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

SYDENHAM, NEAR LONDON.

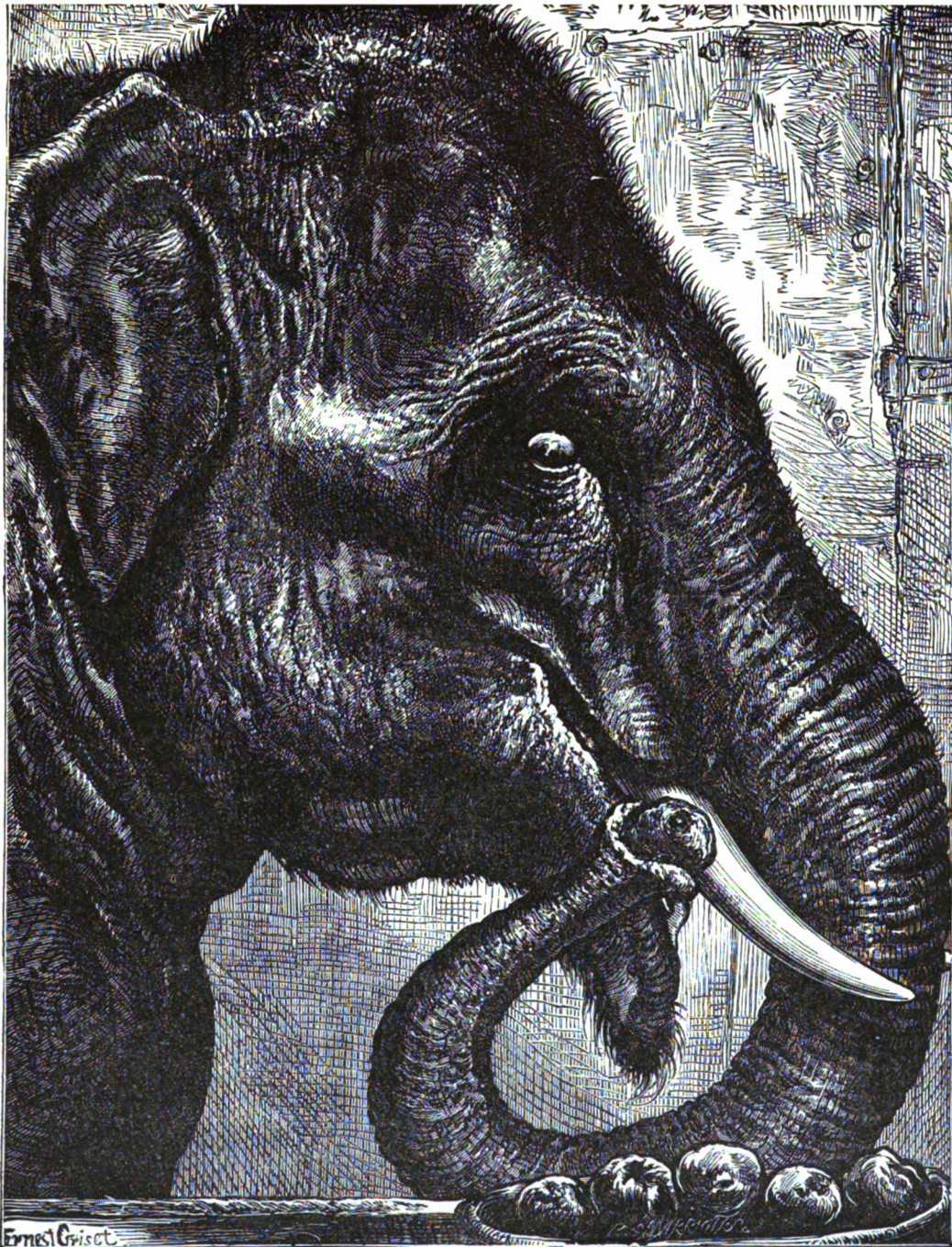
THIS is the Crystal Palace, my dear children; one of the most wonderful places in the world. It is a thousand times larger than the largest greenhouse you ever saw; and from one end to the other it is full of beautiful and curious things, brought there from all the different countries on the earth. There are strange and rare plants, and

beautiful statues, and wonderful carvings; and, in short, everything you can imagine, and a great deal more. The little children in London think it a great treat to be taken to the Crystal Palace, and on fine days one may see hundreds of boys and girls running about the gardens, and listening to the music of the band which plays there every day.

GOG was a ver-y clev-er fel-low, al-most as clev-er as he was big. Do you want to know who Gog was, and what he looked like? Well, look on the first page and you will see a like-ness of him. He was born in In-di-a, but came to this coun-try when he was a ver-y small ba-by, that is, small for an el-e-phant. I sup-pose he was a-bout the size of a cow. Well, he was tak-en to a me-na-ge-rie, and there he lived, and grew to be one of the larg-est el-e-phants that have ev-er been seen. He was ver-y clev-er, as I said be-fore, and his keep-er taught him man-y tricks. He could take up a bot-tle of beer with his trunk and drink up ev-er-y drop with-out spill-ing an-y of it. He could o-pen an-y door, no mat-ter what sort of latch it had, and would al-ways shut it after him care-fully. He could stand up-on his hind legs just as

a pup-py does; and he could e-ven dance a kind of clum-sy dance, which his keep-er called a waltz. The keep-er was ver-y proud of him, and was al-ways teach-ing him some-thing new; but some-times he used al-most to wish that Gog were not *quite* so clev-er. One day, for in-stance, a friend made him a pres-ent of some ver-y fine ro-sy ap-ples. He was much pleased, and as he was bu-sy at the time, he put them in his own room, prom-is-ing him-self a treat in the ev-en-ing. But, a-las! when ev-en-ing came the ap-ples were all gone, and on-ly a few bits of peel, scat-tered a-bout Gog's stall (which was next to the keep-er's room), were left to tell the tale. The cun-ning el-e-phant had seen where his mas-ter put the ap-ples, and watch-ing his chance, had gone in-to the room when no one was near, and had eat-en them ev-er-y one!

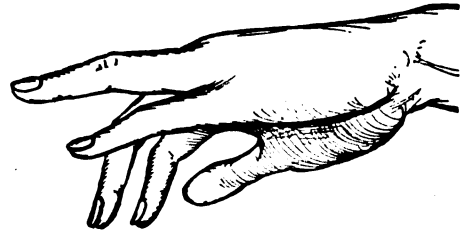
GOG.



Of all these ap-ples, so fair to see,
Not e-ven a piece has been of-fered to me,
So I'll take my re-venge as I pass by the shelf,
I'll ask no-bod-y's leave, but will just help my-self.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

HOW much does our Ba-by re-mem-ber a-bout that count-ing les-son Mam-ma gave her a-while a-go? Let us see! No, we will not take the balls this time, but Mam-ma's hand, and see what Ba-by knows a-bout that. "How man-y fin-gers, Ba-by? Count, and see!"



Ba-by counts, ver-y nice-ly, "One, two, free, four, five." "Five, eh? Now tell me why one fin-ger is put a-way from the oth-ers, as if it were naugh-ty? poor fin-ger!"

Ba-by says "that is thumb!" "Oh, a thumb! Then it is not a fin-ger?" "No!" "Then let us make sure a-bout the num-ber of those fin-gers a-gain. Shut down the thumb, and then count."

Dear Ba-by counts, pa-tient-ly, "One, two, free, four." So, then, if we do not count the thumb, there are on-ly four fin-gers; four, and one thumb? that is right.

Now, Ba-by, for fear you should for-get this, I will tell you a non-sense rhyme that Grand-mam-ma Won-der-ful taught to her ba-by.



BUN-NY AT SCHOOL.

We have two hands,
To buc-kle bands.
We have eight fin-gers,
To make clothes-wring-ers.
We have two thumbs,
To pick up crumbs.
We have ten toes,
To match our nose.
We have two heels,
To bob for eels.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



NOW that Ba-by has learned to count her pret-ty balls, sure-ly she ought to know the col-ors of them. So Mam-ma takes one ball, and says, "Blue; this ball is *blue*. Now let us find some-thing else that is blue." And she takes Ba-by a-bout the room, and shows her a blue book, and a blue rib-bon, and a blue vase, put-ting the blue ball up to each, that Ba-by may see in what way they are a-like. Then she does the same with a green ball; and so on with all the col-ors in turn. Our Ba-by is ver-y bright, and learns quick-ly, though of course at first she makes some fun-n-y mis-takes, such as call-ing her nose "green," and in-sist-ing that the black kit-ty is "'el-low." She thinks that blue is the pret-ti-est of all the col-ors, and asks Mam-ma to get her a blue dress, and some blue shoes and stock-ings, and so man-y blue things that at length Mam-ma laughs, and says Pa-pa must bring a brush and some blue paint, and make Ba-by blue all o-ver; and Ba-by seems to think this would be a ver-y good i-dea.

A FROG STO-RY.

SHAKE hands!" said the frog. "No? why not? too proud?"

"Not ex-act-ly proud," replied Ralph, "but I don't call those hands; and they are so wet and sli-my. Be-sides, I nev-er saw you be-fore, and Mam-ma says I need not shake hands with stran-gers un-less she tells me to."

"I see," said the frog; "ha, ha! ho, ho! hee! I shan't be a stran-ger long. Good-bye!" and he plunged in-to the foun-tain.

"I *nev-er* saw such a queer frog!" thought Ralph. "I thought they couldn't talk. And what did he mean by say-ing he wouldn't be a stran-ger long? Well, I must go in to tea, frog or no frog." And in he went.

When Ralph came to the ta-ble, there sat the creat-ure in the mid-dle of his plate, grin-ning so that the ends of his mouth met be-hind his head, and tied them-selves in-to a bow-knot.

"Shake hands!" said the frog. "No? too proud? Ha, ha! ho, ho! hee!"

"Ralph!" said his fa-ther, "what do you mean by bring-ing that creat-ure in here? Take it out, sir, in-stant-ly!"

"But, fa-ther," said Ralph, "I didn't bring it in! And it talks! and I —"

"Take it out at once!" re-plied his fa-ther, stern-ly.

So poor Ralph car-ried the frog out to the foun-tain.

"Shake hands?" asked the frog. "Yes," said Ralph.

He took the cold, damp thing, and be-gan to shake, and al-so to count. "Ten, twen-ty, thir-ty, for-ty —"

"Stop!" cried the frog; "that will do!"

Ralph shook and count-ed. "Fif-ty, six-ty, sev-en-ty —"

"Mer-cy!" shrieked the frog, "I'm faint-ing!"

"Will you ask me to shake hands a-gain?" "Nev-er!"

Ralph let go his hold. The frog fell back in-to the foun-tain. That's all.

RALPH AND THE FROG.



Shake hands with you, Frog-gy? Well, no! I think not;
'Twould be rath-er too cool, though the day is so hot.
It may do in the wa-ter, but here on the land
A flip-per like that will not pass for a hand.

MAK-ING CAN-DY.



WHAT bet-ter fun is there than mak-ing mo-las-ses can-dy? Just see what a good time these chil-dren are hav-ing! May and Liz-zie, and Joe and Bell, all as bu-sy as bees. The mo-las-ses has been boil-ing a long time, "hours and days," lit-tle Bell says; and they have all been tak-ing turns in stir-ring it, and try-ing a spoon-ful in cold wa-ter ev-e-ry two min-utes, to see if it was read-y to hard-en. Then, when it was near-ly read-y, the pea-nuts, which had been shelled when the boil-ing first be-gan, were put in, for Joe had begged for pea-nut can-dy, and none of the oth-ers had any ob-jec-tion; and now, af-ter a fi-nal, tre-men-dous stir-ring, it is act-u-al-ly all read-y, and noth-ing re-mains but to pour it in-to the but-tered pans, and set it a-way to cool. If May does not burn her fin-gers ter-ri-bly, and if Joe can wait till it is cool before he be-gins to eat it, and if they do not all make them-selves ill with it, I think they may be con-sid-ered ver-y hap-py chil-dren.

UN-GRATE-FUL MR. BROWN.

By L. E. R.

IT is a-bom-i-na-ble!" said the oak-tree. "I tell you, Mr. Brown, it is a-bom-i-na-ble!"

"Whack! whack!" said Mr. Brown; or, rath-er, his axe said it for him.

"Here," con-tin-ued the oak, an-gri-ly, "here have I stood for sev-en-ty years or more, beau-ti-ful and ad-mired, and do-ing all the good I knew how to do. I have shad-ed you from the sun, and shel-tered you from the rain a hun-dred times, Joe Brown, when you were a lit-tle frec-kled boy. And now that you have grown up in-to a man you re-turn my kind-ness with this shame-ful in-grat-i-tude!"

"Whack! whack! whack!" went the cru-el axe.

"Whack! whack! whack! in-deed," re-plied the oak. "There will be a dif-fer-ent kind of 'whack' in a-bout two min-utes. You think I am go-ing to fall on the side



a-way from you, Mr. Brown, but we will see a-bout that."

C-r-r-r-ash!

"There, I told you so!" and the oak was si-lent.

Mr. Brown was car-ried home in a wheel-bar-row, and had to stay in bed for two weeks; but he nev-er *could* un-der-stand why that tree fell on the wrong side.

THE EARTH AND THE SUN.

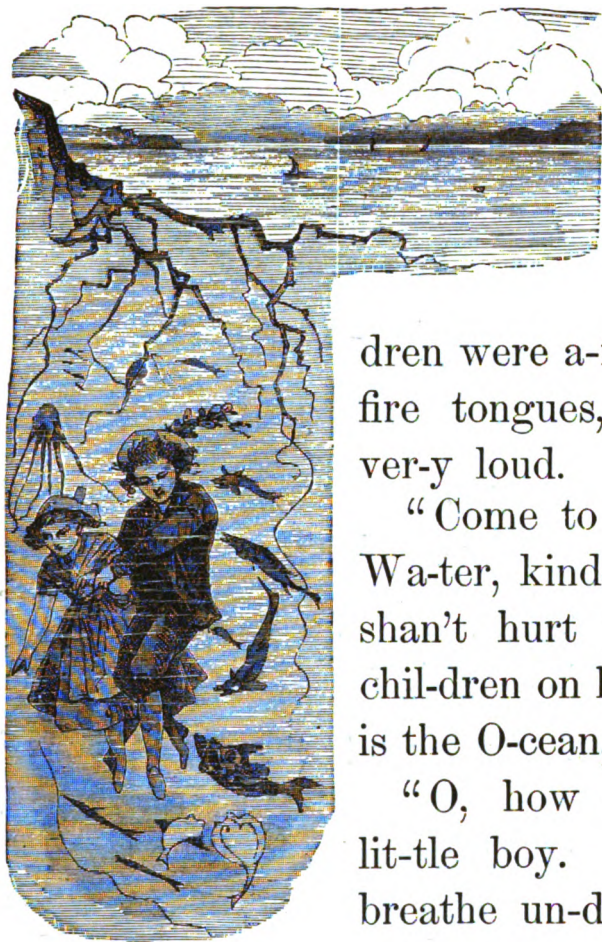
By F. M. H.

DO you know, my dear chil-dren, that the poor Earth grows so cold and froz-en in the win-ter, that at last she has to go to the Sun and warm her hands? Well, so it is. In March she be-gins to shiv-er, and shake, and groan. Then we say, "How the March wind does blow!" but real-ly it is the poor, cold Earth shiv-er-ing. Af-ter this, she starts off to warm her-self at the fire in the Sun, and then we have sum-mer; and, O! how ver-y hot it is!



When Moth-er Earth comes ver-y near, she stretch-es out her great hands till they touch the Sun. I won-der she does not burn them! Now, these lit-tle chil-dren in the pic-ture hap-pened to live just where the Earth's arms grow on to her bod-y. So they thought they would walk a-cross and pay their re-spects to his So-lar Maj-es-ty. They found him ver-y cross and spot-ty. He would not shake hands with Mrs. Earth, and kept on sput-ter-ing all the time. It was one of his most dis-a-gree-a-ble days.

THE EARTH AND THE SUN.



“Let me cool your Hotness with my nice bellows,” said Miss Air, sooth-ing-ly. But this on-ly made him hot-ter and fierc-er. The chil-

dren were a-fraid of his thou-sand long fire tongues, and they be-gan to cry ver-y loud.

“Come to me, my dears,” said Mrs. Wa-ter, kind-ly. “That nas-ty old Sun shan’t hurt you.” So she took the chil-dren on her great, broad lap,—that is the O-cean, you know.

“O, how cool and nice!” said the lit-tle boy. “Yes, yes; but I can’t breathe un-der the wa-ter,” the lit-tle girl an-swered. “And those hor-rid fish-es! they think we are big bait, and one of them is gnaw-ing my great toe.”

“Don’t be a-fraid, you dear lit-tle whales,” said the O-cean, in a soft, gur-gling voice. She nev-er had seen an-y chil-dren be-fore, and thought they were a new kind of whale. “I can send you a-shore in the twink-ling of an eye. Just wait till my heart beats.”

Then the O-cean’s great heart gave two quick throbs, and two might-y waves a-rose, and waft-ed the chil-dren safe-ly to the land.

THE NAUGH-TY STAR.

BY AUNT BATH-SHE-BA.

YOU must know, little ones, that Saturn is the most savage of all the stars. Why, he ate up his own little baby stars, and made so much disturbance in the skies, that Father Sun was obliged to bind him over to keep the peace! As he was a planet, or royal star, he was bound with beautiful golden bands. These are called the rings of Saturn, but they are really a prison of gold.

One day, Saturn was very angry with Mrs. Venus.

"What makes you keep wink-ing and blink-ing so at me? How dare you?" he said, fiercely.

"I'm not wink-ing at you," replied gentle Mrs. Venus. "My light trem-bles because I see so much sorrow on the earth, and that makes me sad. You know the Morning Star must mourn."

"I'll make you trem-ble!"



said the cross old fellow, and flew rapidly towards her.

He could only strike her with his ring, but even that hurt and frightened her.

"Help! help! police!!" screamed timid Mrs. Venus.

Then up came the Comet, the police-man of the skies, and shook fire from his golden tail on Saturn's head.

"Oh, I'll be good, I'll be good!" cried Saturn.

"Come home with me, then," said Comet; and Saturn went very meekly. Ever since, if he begins to be cross, Comet gives just one look with his fiery eye, and Saturn becomes perfectly quiet at once.

LE-NA'S DOC-TORS.



LE-NA is ill, and has to stay in bed, while the oth-er chil-dren are play-ing out of doors. It is ver-y lone-ly for her, some-times, so to-day she has begged her moth-er to let the dear Ba-by broth-er spend the morn-ing in her room. He is so good, she is sure he will not dis-turb her, or make her head ache. So in he comes, and with him comes his good friend Trus-ty, who must go wher-ev-er our Ba-by goes. The dear Ba-by climbs up on the bed, with Mam-ma's help, and puts his arm round Le-na's neck and kiss-es her, say-ing, "Poor Le-na! Ba-by sor-ry!" Then he sits quiet-ly on the bed, and sings her a lit-tle song. Trus-ty sits by the bed-side, wag-ging his tail, and look-ing as if he thought it a great pit-y that an-y-bod-y should ev-er have to stay in bed. In the af-ter-noon Le-na says she feels bet-ter, and Doc-tor Ba-by and Doc-tor Trus-ty have done her much good.

NAM-ING THE COW.

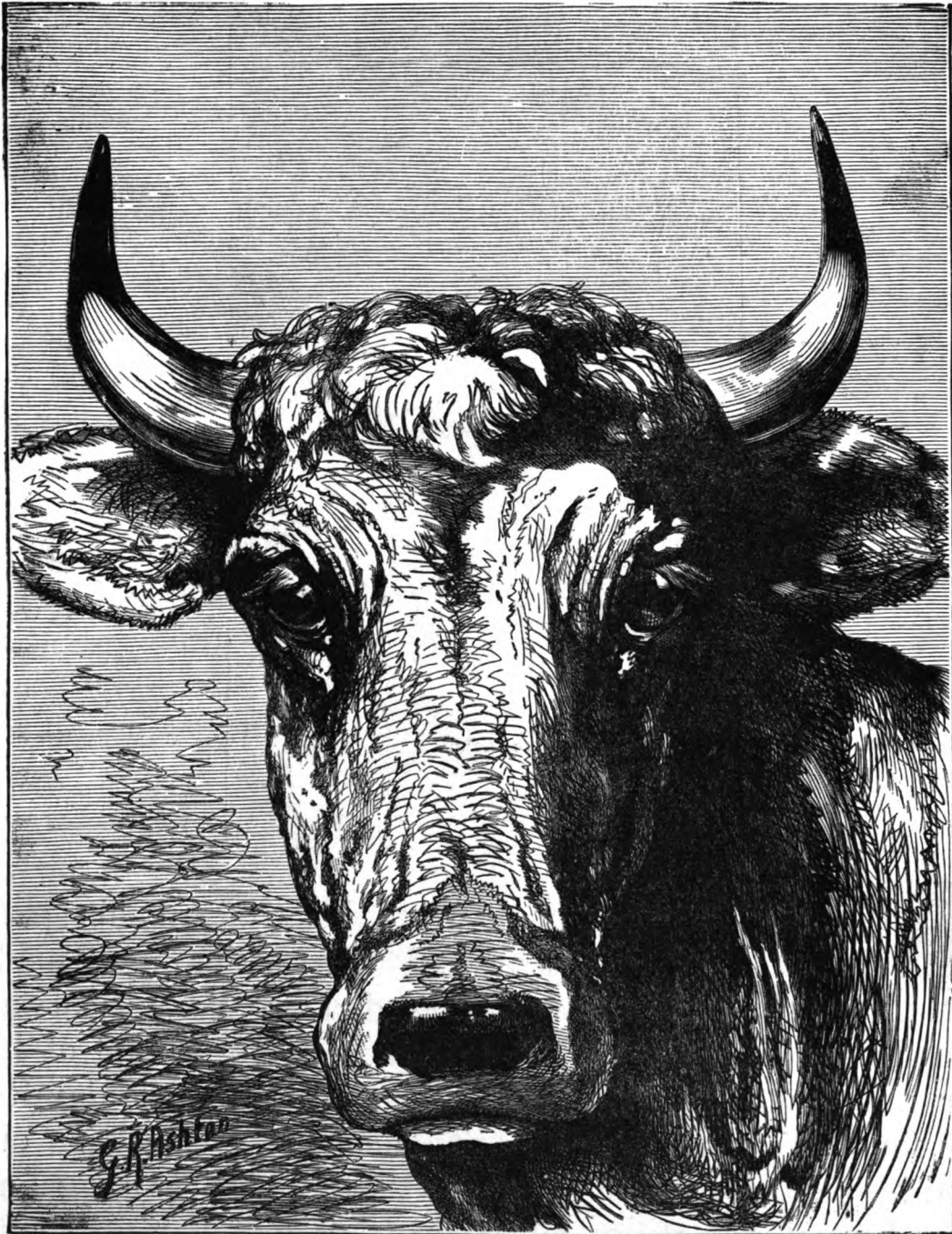
THE new cow had come! the new cow had come! and nev-er, surely, was a new cow more wel-come. For a week, ever since poor old Brin-dle's death, the Briggs fam-i-ly had been drink-ing what lit-tle Flo-ra per-sist-ed in call-ing "bak-er's milk," for rea-sons only known to her-self; and as none of them liked "bak-er's milk," they were all ver-y glad when, one morn-ing, they saw John lead-ing the new cow up the lane. She was a beau-ty, as you may see from her pic-ture, dark-gray all o-ver, with a black spot on her fore-head, and such beau-ti-ful, large, sad eyes. Of course she was pet-ted and pat-ted by ev-er-y-bod-y, old and young; and then, af-ter she had been fed and wa-tered, the next thing was to give her a name.

"Of course," said all the chil-dren, "she must be named im-me-di-ate-ly, or

she will not feel at home." Then they all re-flect-ed: "Cream-pot!" said Flo-ra. "That isn't pret-ty e-nough," said May; "Vi-o-let would be bet-ter." "Too fan-ci-ful!" cried Will; "I should call her But-ter-cup." "Why is a but-ter-cup less fan-ci-ful than a vi-o-let, I should like to know?" asked May. "Nev-er mind!" said Ned; "let us call her Po-sy!" "No! Ro-sy!" cried lit-tle El-la. And then came a per-fect cho-rus of names.

Be-fore they had made up their minds, it was bed-time, and each child went to sleep re-peat-ing his or her fa-vor-ite name. At day-break, they be-gan a-gain: "Fair-y!" "Fly!" "Star!" "Jun-ket!" &c., &c., &c. "Do you hear those chil-dren, Fa-ther?" said Mrs. Briggs. "I do," re-plied Mr. Briggs, "and, be-tween you and me, Ma-ry, I don't be-lieve she will ev-er be called an-y-thing but 'The New Cow!'"

NAM-ING THE COW.



Beau-ti-ful Mool-ly, pray what is your name ?
Beau-ti-ful Mool-ly, my dear !
Says she, "I was just go-ing to ask you the same,
For I have not the faint-est i-dea."

RE-NE'S PETS.



LIT-TLE boy Re-ne lived on a farm far a-way in sun-ny France. It was well that he lived in such a place, for nev-er was there a child so fond of an-i-mals. He had a great man-y pets, and he al-ways fed them him-self ev-e-ry morn-ing. There was Jo-se the brown don-key, and To-to the goat, and man-y oth-ers. Re-ne loved

To-to best of all his pets, and this some-times made the don-key ver-y jeal-ous, for he was ver-y fond of his lit-tle mas-ter. One day Re-ne heard a great noise out in the sta-ble, bray-ing and bleat-ing, and stamp-ing and scuf-fling, as if a strug-gle were go-ing on. He ran out quick-ly, and his moth-er fol-lowed him; and what do

RE-NE'S PETS.

you think they found? Jo-se had broken his hal-ter, and got loose. He had driv-en poor To-to in-to a cor-ner of the barn, and was kick-ing at him and bray-ing fu-ri-ous-ly. To-to, who was ver-y brave, kept his head down, and gave Jo-se some good sharp blows with his horns; but if Re-ne and his moth-er had not come in when they did, he would soon have got the worst of it, I fear. They tied the naugh-ty don-key up, and gave him a whip-ping; while To-to, who was a good deal bruised, was brought in-to the house, and had a good warm sup-per of bread and milk, and a great deal of pet-ting.

Re-ne was so im-pa-tient to give him his sup-per, that he could hard-ly wait for Li-sette, the maid, to milk the cow. He ran out to the cow-yard, and begged the old cow to let down her milk a lit-tle

fast-er; and at last when the pail was full, he danced be-fore Li-sette all the way back to the house, sing-ing and laugh-ing as he thought how glad To-to would be to get the good milk.



"To-to, do you want some milk?" he cried, as he entered the house.

"Be-e-eh!" re-plied To-to.

"Then say 'please.'"

"Be-e-eh!" an-swered the goat a-gain.

"That's a good pet. Now say 'thank you.'"

"Ba-a-aaa-a-ah!" said To-to, and then ate his sup-per.

CAR-RIE AND THE KIT-TENS.



CAR-RIE came running to her Mam-ma one day, with a ver-y joyful face. "O Mam-ma!" she cried, "what do you think? old Tab-by has four love-ly lit-tle kit-tens, the pret-ti-est I ev-er saw. You know I have been want-ing a kit-ten for so long. May I have one of these, please, Mam-ma?"

"Yes," said her moth-er, "you may have one if Tab-by is will-ing. But I do not

ad-vise you to med-dle with the kit-tens just now, for the old cat may be ver-y cross. Wait un-til they are two or three weeks old, and then she will not mind your tak-ing one."

Two or three weeks! that seemed al-most as long to Car-rie as two or three years, for she was ver-y im-pa-tient to have a kit-ten of her own. "How-ev-er," she thought, "I will just go and see them; and

CAR-RIE AND THE KIT-TENS.

per-haps Mrs. Tab-by will let me take one now." So off she ran to the play-room, where Tab-by and her chil-dren were com-fort-a-bly es-tab-lished on a cush-ion. Car-rie drew near soft-ly, say-ing, "Good old Tab-by! good pus-sy! will you let Car-rie see your sweet lit-tle kit-tens? there! nice old pus-sy!"

The old cat looked doubt-ful-ly at her; then she gave a faint mew, and cud-dled down clos-er to her ti-ny fam-i-ly. But Car-rie was not dis-cour-aged at this cold re-cep-tion. "Dear lit-tle things!" she mur-mured, com-ing clos-er. "I can-not tell which is the pret ti-est. Two tab-by ones, and one black, and one as white as snow. I think—yes, I do think I like the white one best. Now I won-der if I could not get it a-way with-out Tab-by no-tic-ing it. She seems to be a-sleep now, and

at any rate there is no harm in try-ing."

So say-ing, the lit-tle girl reached out her hand soft-ly, and then, for one in-stant, she held the pre-cious white kit-ten in her grasp. But it was on-ly for an in-stant. The next mo-ment the an-gry moth-er, with a fu-ri-ous "fssssss!" had flown at her, and made a deep scratch on her neck. Car-rie dropped the kit-ten, and ran, cry-ing with pain and fright, to her moth-er. Her good moth-er saw at once what had hap-pened, but at first she said noth-ing, but gen-tly washed the blood a-way from the wound, and put some nice salve on it. A little while af-ter, how-ev-er, when Car-rie had dried her tears, but was still look-ing ver-y se-ri-ous, her moth-er said to her soft-ly, "I think my lit-tle girl un-der-stands now why I ad-vised her to wait two or three weeks."

CLEV-ER BRU-NO.

THIS is a dog a-bout whom I can tell you a fine sto-ry, which you will like all the bet-ter when you know that it is true. His name is Bru-no, and he is as clev-er and good as he is hand-some. He lives in a cit-y, and ev-er-y day his mas-ter used to send him to the butch-er's shop to buy his own din-ner. He gave him a bas-ket and a piece of mon-ey, both of which Bru-no car-ried in his mouth till he reached the shop. Then the butch-er would take them from him, and put a piece of meat in the bas-ket; and then Bru-no would take the bas-ket a-gain, and trot home to eat his din-ner. One day the butch-er thought he would play a lit-tle trick on the dog, to see what he would do. So when Bru-no came he took the bas-ket and the mon-ey from him as us-u-al, but gave him back the bas-ket emp-ty, say-ing, "I have noth-ing for you to-

day, Bru-no." Bru-no wait-ed pa-tient-ly for some time, but when he found he was re-al-ly to get noth-ing, he took up his bas-ket and trot-ted a-way, look-ing ver-y grave in-deed. The next day he came a-gain, at the reg-u-lar time; but what do you think he did this time? He first dropped the bas-ket, then he laid the piece of mon-ey care-ful-ly on the floor and put one of his big paws o-ver it; and then he looked at the butch-er, as much as to say, "You can-not cheat me this time!"

The man laughed ver-y much at Bru-no's clev-er-ness, and gave him a piece of meat twice as big as us-u-al, tell-ing him that he would nev-er play him such a trick a-gain. And then Bru-no let him take the mon-ey, and went off with his bas-ket, ver-y well sat-is-fied with him-self and ev-er-y-bod-y else. I think he de-served a good din-ner.

CLEV-ER BRU-NO.



I am a ver-y hand-some dog,
And Bru-no is my name,
And if I am a tri-fle vain
D'ye think I am to blame?

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

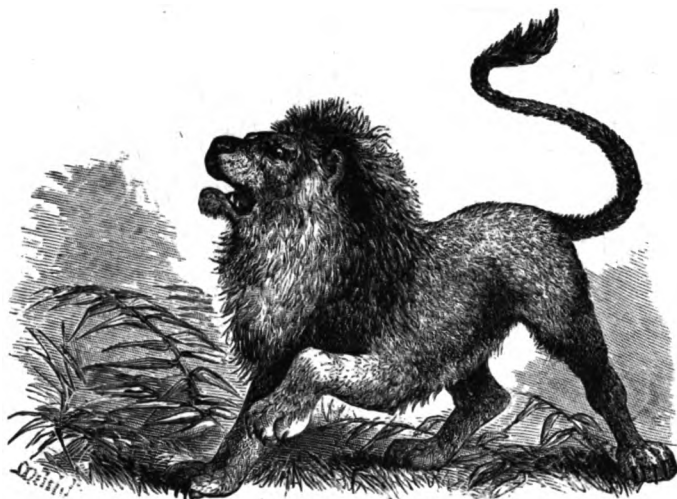


MAM-MA has bought a new book for our Ba-by, and now, for a while, she is go-ing to have her les-sons out of that. It is full of pic-tures of an-i-mals. The oth-er day, Mam-ma asked Ba-by what a fox was, and she said it was a big, naugh-ty bird. So then Mam-ma said the lit-tle one must leave her count-ing and her spell-ing un-til she had learned a lit-tle more a-bout oth-er things. Here is a pic-ture of a horse, from the new book, with two chil-dren play-ing by him, who might

be Ba-by her-self and cou-sin Phil. The horse, Ba-by, is one of our best friends a-mong the an-i-mals. He is strong and good, and will-ing to do all he can to serve us, if we treat him kind-ly. "Is he a bird, Ba-by?" "No!" cries Ba-by, laugh-ing. "Why not?" "Bird has wings!" "Has a fox wings, then?" "No!" "Then why did you say a fox was a bird? What a fun-ny Ba-by!"

And Ba-by hangs her lit-tle head, and thinks that per-haps *she* is a bird,—a lit-tle goose!

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.—THE LION.



WHAT an-i-mal have we here, Ba-by? This is the li-on, the king of beasts, as he is called. How ter-ri-ble he looks, with his mouth o-pened to roar, and his huge mane tossed a-bout! He is ver-y fierce and sav-age by na-ture, and though I have heard of li-ons be-ing tamed, I do not think I should like to have one for a pet; would you?

“Are there li-ons in this coun-try?”

No; none, ex-cept a few that have been brought o-ver from Af-ri-ca, and these are kept in ca-ges, and nev-er let loose.

Af-ri-ca is the coun-try of the li-ons, and there they roam a-bout through the vast for-ests, and hunt for their prey in the wild jungles. They live en-tire-ly on the flesh of oth-er an-i-mals; and you can im-ag-ine how the small-er beasts fly in ter-ror when they hear the ter-ri-ble roar of their king, and know that he is near at hand and prob-a-bly hun-gry.

He looks ver-y su-perb; but I fear he is not so no-ble as he looks, but is as sav-age and fe-ro-cious as an-y wild beast that lives on the flesh of oth-ers.

MAM-MA'S BIRTH-DAY.

ONE bright May morning, lit-tle Jes-sie Gray went out ver-y ear-ly, long be-fore break-fast time, to take a walk in the woods. It was be-fore her Mam-ma was a-wake that she start-ed, for it was that dear Mam-ma's birth-day, and Jes-sie meant to give her a love-ly birth-day sur-prise. So, as soon as she reached the woods she be-gan to pick all the pret-ti-est flow-ers she could find. There were end-less num-bers of them, and in a short time Jes-sie had her bas-ket, a-pron, and hands all full of vi-o-lets, and a-nem-o-nes, and col-um-bines, and love-ly May-flow-ers, the sweet-est of all the wild blos-soms. She hast-ened home with her treas-ures, and found to her de-light that her moth-er was still a-sleep. Soft-ly and qui-et-ly she stole in-to the bed-room, her arms still full of flow-ers. Then she be-gan to ar-range the

love-ly fra-grant blos-soms, and to lay them in bunch-es and in loose heaps all o-ver the bed. On each side of her moth-er's face, as it lay on the pil-low, she put a great mound of vi-o-lets and May-flow-ers, and over her head a clus-ter of nod-ding col-um-bines. Close by her hand, al-most in it, in fact, she laid a bright nose-gay of the choi-cest blos-soms of all kinds; and all that were left she scat-tered o-ver the coun-ter-pane, till the whole bed looked like one great po-sy.

There nev-er was a pret-ti-er birth-day sur-prise; and when Mam-ma woke up, she thought at first that she was in Fai-ry-land. When she found that the fai-ry was her own lit-tle girl, she was much pleased, and said that she her-self was the sweet-est po-sy of all. And so Jes-sie and her Mam-ma passed a pleas-ant day.

MAM-MA'S BIRTH-DAY.



Out in the for-est at break of day,
What are you do-ing, my dear?
"Gath-er-ing flow-ers for moth-er's birth-day,
The hap-pi-est day of the year!"

THE LONG-TAILED MON-KEY.



THE Prince of the Chimpan-zees had lost his tail! His Mam-ma, I grieve to say, had bit-ten it off in a fit of ill-tem-per; and now, though she was ver-y sorry in-deed, she could find no way of fast-en-ing it on a-gain. Mu-cil-age had been tried, and Spald-ing's

glue, and even seal-ing-wax, though that, be-ing hot, made the Prince scream with pain; but all in vain, for the tail *would not* stay on. What was to be done? The Prince sat and wept all day, and would not be com-fort-ed; and the Queen was real-ly a-fraid that he would

THE LONG-TAILED MON-KEY.

die of grief. At last one day a famous doctor came from the land of the Baboons. He looked at the tail, and said it was a bad case: that it could not be mended, but that if the Prince wished it, he could make a new one grow in its place. "Wish it!" cried the Prince, "of course I wish it!" "Ver-y well," said the doctor; "how long will you have it?" "Half a mile!" exclaimed the Prince, enchanted. "Half a mile it shall be!" replied the other. He then rubbed some magic salve on the stump of the tail, sneezed forty-three times, and finally put the Prince to bed, with a mustard plaster on the end of his tail.

Next morning when the Prince awoke, he found to his delight that his tail had grown again! what was more, it was still growing, and went winding and curl-

ing itself on and on, as if it were a live creature. "Stop!" cried the Prince. "You're long enough! Doctor, come and stop it!" but the strange doctor was gone. As for the tail, it had no idea of stopping before it was half a mile long, so on it went, round and round and round, until at length the unhappy Prince became completely lost in it; and he has never, I have been told, been able to find his way out since.



POOR PON-TO.



OH dear! oh dear! I do think this is pretty hard. Cook put my break-fast out while I was tak-ing my ear-ly walk with my mas-ter, and here this naugh-ty kit-ten has eat-en it all up, ev-er-y scrap.

Now what shall I do? If I say a word to her, or give her e-ven the gen-tlest shake, she will scream, and

then some-bod-y will come out and say, "Naugh-ty Pon-to! aren't you a-shamed of your-self to tease a poor lit-tle help-less kit-ten? bad dog!" And then I shall be shut up in the sta-ble, and this lit-tle sneak-ing cat will be pet-ted, and tak-en in-to the house.

It is too bad, I de-clare. Bow-wow! wow! WOW!!

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



LES-SON a-bout Pus-sy-cat?" Yes, Ba-by, and why not? I may be a-ble to tell you sev-er-al things that you do not know a-bout your friend and play-mate. You do not know, for in-stance, that she is a cou-sin of the ter-ri-ble li-on, a-bout whom you learned in your last les-son. Quite a poor re-la-tion, of course, and ver-y small and hum-ble com-pared to his maj-es-ty, King Le-o, but still be-long-ing to the same fam-i-ly. And now, what does Pus-sy-cat do for us in re-turn for our kind-ness to her?

"Runs af-ter her tail, and looks fun-ny."

Well, yes, she cer-tain-ly does that; but I meant

some-thing else. Ask cook, and she will tell you that Puss keeps her kitch-en and pan-try free from mice and rats. (That re-minds me of a lit-tle ti-ny girl, who told me yes-ter-day that the cat was ver-y good be-cause she caught all the rice and mats. Wasn't that fun-ny?) But some-times Puss will catch oth-er things that she ought to let a-lone. It is nev-er safe to leave her in a room with a bird un-less his cage be hung quite out of her reach. And if you should let her get in-to the poul-try yard, do you know what would hap-pen then? Look at this pic-ture, and I think it will tell you!



A PER-FORM-ING SEAL.

I WON-DER, chil-dren, if an-y of you have ev-er seen a per-form-ing seal. There used to be one, I re-mem-ber, at the A-quar-ri-al Gar-dens, in Bos-ton; but that was long a-go, so long, that not the ver-y big-gest child of you all can re-mem-ber an-y-thing a-bout it.

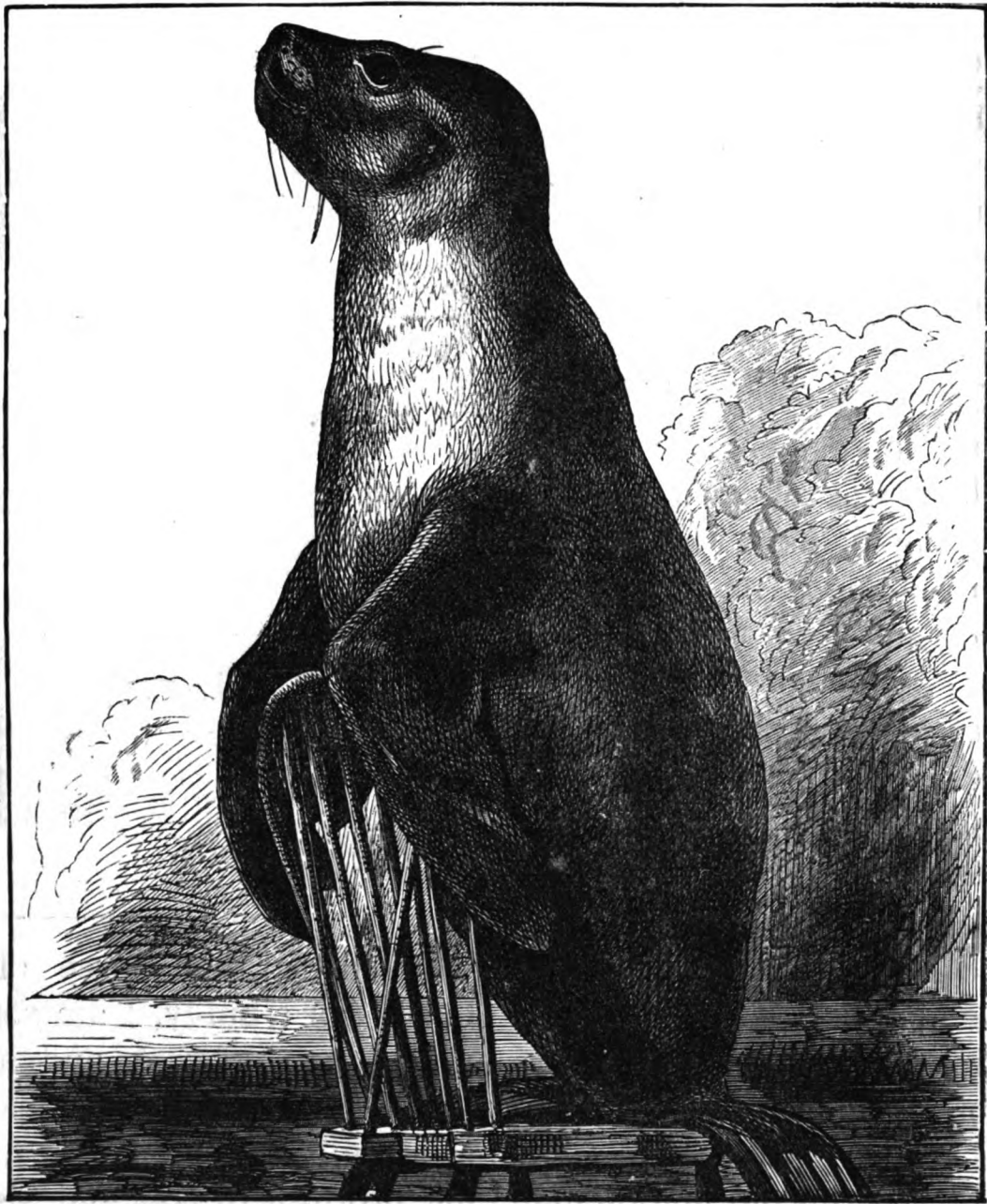
Seals are ver-y ea-si-ly tamed, and can be taught to per-form all sorts of tricks. They are gen-tle creat-ures, and be-come much at-tached to their keep-ers if they are kind to them, and will do all they can to please their mas-ters. Some-times a seal is taught to turn the crank of a hand-or-gan, and he will sit pa-tient-ly grind-ing a-way, giv-ing tune after tune, though I sup-pose all tunes sound pret-ty much a-like to him, poor fel-low!

Just think how strange it must seem to him to be brought from his com-fort-a-ble home on some nice, cool

ice-berg, and put in-to a small tank of wa-ter, where he has hard-ly room to turn round; and then to be made to do such queer things! Why, they had a seal in Lon-don sev-er-al years a-go, which could act-u-al-ly say "mam-ma" and "pa-pa." What would his own seal mam-ma have said, I won-der, if he had ad-dressed her in that way?

The seal in the pic-ture, you see, is — well, is what? He cer-tain-ly is not sit-ting in the chair, and yet one can hard-ly call it stand-ing. At all e-vents, he is in the chair, and is hold-ing on by the back of it, and that I am ver-y sure is some-thing he nev-er used to do on the ice-berg. I hope his keep-er is com-ing soon to give him a good sup-per. But O, how much more he would en-joy it if he were go-ing to catch it for him-self, in the i-cy wa-ters of his arc-tic home!

A PER-FORM-ING SEAL.



They take me from the wa-ters deep,
I climb no more the ice-berg steep;
I'm trained to please the peo-ple all,
A-muse the chil-dren, great and small.

THE RI-VALS.

SUCH a magnificent turkey he cer-tain-ly was! No such tur-key had ev-er been seen in the barn-yard be-fore. He was not old; in fact, Un-cle Mus-co-vy called him "a mere chick-en," which was ab-surd, as he could have eat-en Un-cle M. at one gobble, and nev-er have known the dif-fer-ence. But, young or old, he was cer-tain-ly big e-nough to have been the great-great-grand-father of all tur-keys.

He was ver-y gra-cious in his man-ners, and the ducks and hens all looked up to him as their lord and king: all save Un-cle Mus-co-vy. You see, this old gen-tle-man had al-ways been at the head of the barn-yard him-self. The oth-er tur-keys were of a mild and a-mi-a-ble dis-po-si-tion, and had read-i-ly



yield-ed to this fierce old bul-ly (for a bul-ly, I am sor-ry to say, he was), and al-lowed him to take the lead in all pub-lic af-fairs. As for his broth-er drakes and sis-ter ducks, they, as well as the hens and roost-ers, hard-ly dared say their tails were their own, with-out his per-mis-sion. But this new-

THE RI-VALS.

com-er was al-to-geth-er too great to as-sume a sec-ond rank, and there-fore Un-cle Mus-co-vy hat-ed him with a bit-ter ha-tred.

"Cox-comb! Up-start!" he would ex-claim. "He hasn't a green feath-er a-bout him an-y-where, which is a sure sign of low birth. A great, o-ver-grown mass of black, with an um-brel-la for a tail! The i-dea of *his* lord-ing it o-ver his el-ders and bet-ters! Nev-er mind, my boy! Thanks-giv-ing is com-ing!"

A-las! Thanks - giv - ing *was* com-ing, and was now ver-y near. One morn-ing there was grief and wail-ing in the barn-yard. Six fine tur-keys were gone, and a-mong them the chief. Loud was the cluck-ing, dire-ful the quack-ing. A-mong the mourn-ers, how-ev-er, Un-cle Mus-co-vy wad-dled a-bout su-preme-ly hap-py. He trimmed his green

feath-ers, he shook his tail, and at length, un-a-ble to re-strain him-self, he sprang up on a bar-rel, and be-gan a long speech full of a-buse of the late rul-er, and praise of all Mus-co-vies in gen-er-al, and him-self in par-tic-u-lar. Sud-den-ly he was in-ter-rupt-ed by the voice of the farm-er, who had just come in-to the yard with the cow-boy, who took care of the poul-try.

"Which is the old drake that pecks the fowls so?"

"There he is, sir," re-plied the boy, "on that bar-rel."

"Put him in with the oth-ers," said the farm-er. "He is a nui-sance here, and though he must be pret-ty tough, he will pass mus-ter with the lot, I fan-cy. Off with him!"

A-las for Un-cle Mus-co-vy! A rough hand seized him by his beau-ti-ful green neck. One fran-tic strug-gle, and all was o-ver!

THE LIT-TLE ART-ISTS.

BLANCHE and Li-sa once asked their Mam-ma if she would teach them to draw. Mam-ma said that just then she was too bus-y. "But if you like, chil-dren," she add-ed, "I will give you each a piece of pa-per and a char-coal pen-cil, and you may see what you can do."

The chil-dren were much pleased. They took the pa-per and two stiff books, and sat down be-fore two pret-ty pic-tures in the hall, think-ing they would try to cop-y them. They worked bus-i-ly for a good while, much in-ter-est-ed, and think-ing that they were do-ing fine-ly. Pres-ent-ly their cous-in George came in and looked o-ver Li-sa's shoul-der.

"What are you draw-ing, Li-sa?" he asked. "Are those fig-ures meant for a cow and a pump, or what?"

"O George!" cried the lit-tle girl, "how can you? I am cop-y-ing that pic-ture

of the two chil-dren, and Blanche says it is ver-y nice!" and Li-sa looked much hurt.

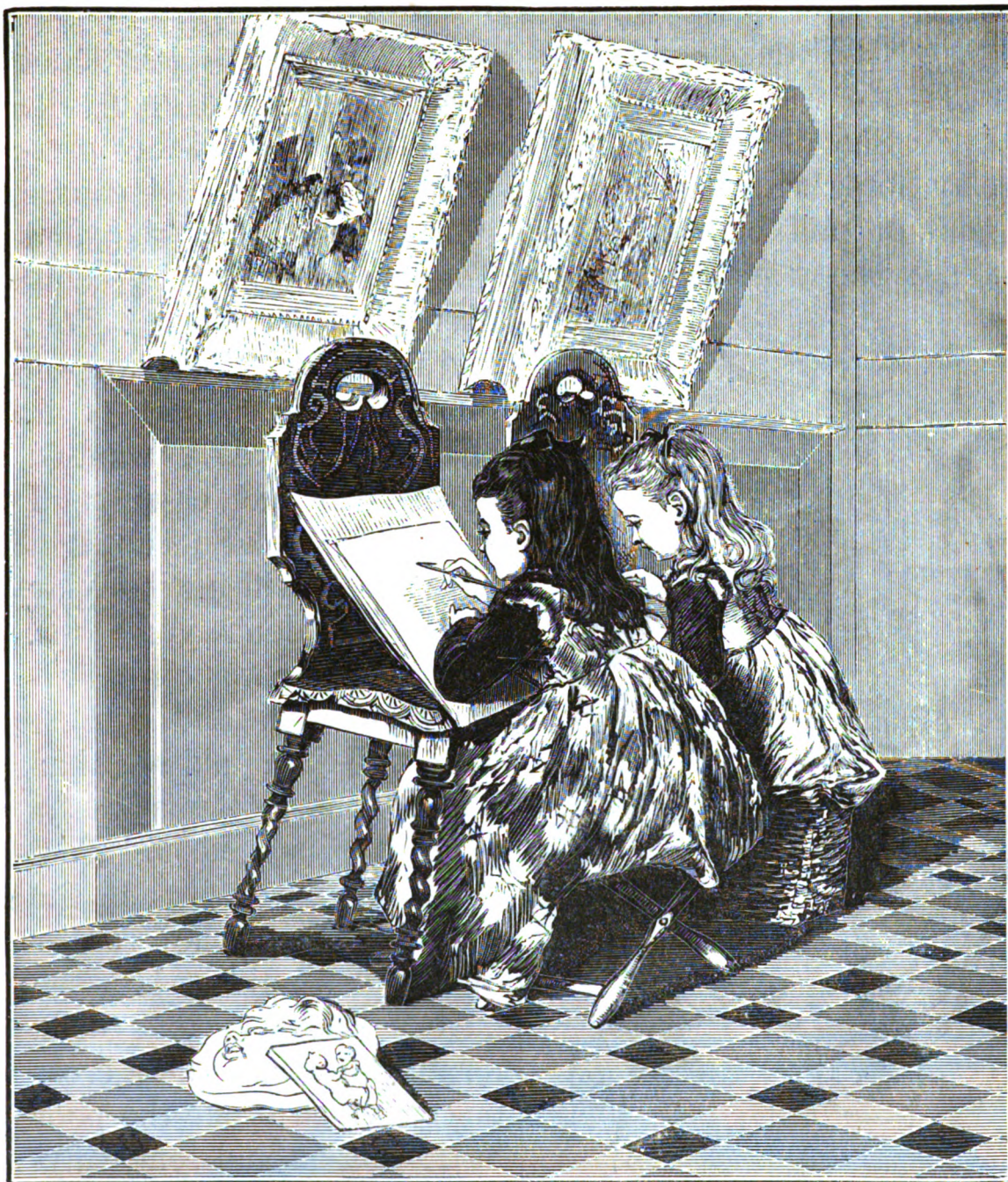
"I beg your par-don, Li-sa," said George. "Per-haps I did not look care-ful-ly e-nough at your draw-ing. Let me see yours, Blanche."

Blanche raised her head, and George be-gan to laugh vi-o-lent-ly. Then Li-sa looked up at Blanche, and she be-gan to laugh too.

"What is the mat-ter?" cried Blanche.

George led her up to the look-ing-glass. She looked, and was hor-ri-fied to see a *black* face star-ing at her. In a min-ute, how-ev-er, she un-der-stood, and laughed as loud as the oth-ers. Her hair had been get-ting in-to her eyes, and she had pushed it a-way with her fin-gers, which were cov-ered with char-coal, so that she real-ly looked like a lit-tle chim-ney-sweep.

THE LIT-TLE ART-ISTS.



“We’ll learn to draw!” said Blanche to Li-sa;
“Our dear Mam-ma, O, how ’twill please her!
With pen-cil and pa-per, I and you,
What won-der-ful, won-der-ful things we’ll do!”

A LIT-TLE SUL-KY.

VER-Y de-cid-ed-ly, Su-sie was "a lit-tle sul-ky." She did not want to play horse with her broth-er Tom, or pull his wag-on for him. She was too big for



such ba-by plays, and so was he; and he was a great sil-ly boy, and she wished he would let her a-lone; and

so on, and so on. I shall not write an-y more that she said, for it was nei-ther pret-ty nor pleas-ant. Of course it was true that she and Tom were pret-ty big chil-dren, but what of that? Tom had made this lit-tle wag-on him-self, ev-e-ry part of it, and he nat-u-ral-ly want-ed to see if it ran ea-si-ly. I cer-tain-ly think Su-sie might have been will-ing to play with him, don't you? for, af-ter all, she was on-ly sev-en years old, and I *have* seen chil-dren old-er than that, if I am not mis-tak-en. Well, Tom begged, and Tom teased, as boys will, and the more he teased, the cross-er Su-sie grew; till at last she gave a lit-tle vi-cious kick, for all the world like a cross po-ny, which broke the poor lit-tle wag-on, and sent it fly-ing down the grav-el-walk. Tom looked ver-y an-gry; but, with-out say-ing a word, he picked up his wag-on and went in-to the house with it.

A LIT-TLE SUL-KY.

Su-sie threw herself down on the grass, and cried vi-o-lent-ly, half in an-ger and half in shame. At last, how-ev-er, shame con-quered, and she went to find Tom, and begged his par-don ver-y hum-bly, with man-y tears and prom-is-es. Tom read-i-ly for-gave her, for he was a kind boy, and ver-y fond of his sis-ter.

"Can it be mend-ed a-gain?" asked Su-sie, anx-ious-ly.

"Yes," said Tom. "I have just been look-ing at it, and I think I can mend it nice-ly, if you will bring me the glue-pot and some strong twine." These were quick-ly brought, and Tom set to work, Su-sie help-ing him as much as she could.



In a short time the wag-on was whole a-gain, and, as Tom said, "al-most strong-er than it was be-fore;" but at the same time he thought to himself that he should not care to risk it a-gain be-hind a horse that was in the hab-it of kick-ing.

THE TWO DUCKS.



GOOD morn-ing, neigh-
bor White-top!" said
Mrs. Mal-lard, as she passed
by the for-mer's nest, one
bright A-pril morn-ing. "So
you are still o-blived to stay
at home. My chil-dren have
been out for two days."

"I am in no hur-ry!"
Dame White-top re-plied.
"It is ear-ly in the sea-son
yet, and if we should have
an-oth-er cold snap, the lit-tle
ones would be bad-ly off."

"Pooh! no dan-ger of
that!" cried Mrs. Mal-lard.

THE TWO DUCKS.

"It is al-most sum-mer. I am go-ing down to the pond now, to give the ba-bies their first bath."

Old Dame White-top was hor-ri-fied. "A bath!" she said, "when the wa-ter is still i-cy cold! This is your first brood, Mrs. Mal-lard, and I beg you not to risk their lives in this way."

But Mrs. Mal-lard tossed her head, and wad-dled off, say-ing she ought to know what was best for her own duck-lings.

That ver-y after-noon the wind changed to the north-west, and be-fore night a cold, driv-ing rain set in. Dame White-top set-tled her-self down clos-er un-der her shel-ter of boughs; and when in the morn-ing it cleared off cold and wind-y, she was thank-ful that her lit-tle duck-lings were safe in their shells. To-wards noon she saw Mrs. Mal-lard ap-proach-ing, a-lone, and look-ing the pic-ture of woe.

"Good day, neigh-bor!" said the old duck. "You do not look quite so bright to-day. I hope noth-ing is a-miss?"

"Oh! Mrs. White-top," an-swered Mrs. Mal-lard sad-ly, "I am the most un-hap-py of ducks! Yes-ter-day I lost two of my dar-lings in that dread-ful i-cy wa-ter; then this morn-ing the rest all seemed ver-y ill. That hate-ful gar-den-er came a-long; and he said they would die if they stay-ed with me; and then he put them all in a bas-ket and car-ried them in-to the house; and I don't sup-pose I shall ev-er see them a-gain. Oh dear! oh dear! what dread-ful hard times we moth-ers do have!"

Dame White-top did her best to con-sole her, and said noth-ing at all a-bout her ad-vice of yes-ter-day; but I think that, if she had not been the kind-est old duck in the world, she might have said, "*I told you so!*"

A ROSE-BUD IN A RAIL-WAY TRAIN.

IN the cars, Mam-ma?" cried the Rose-bud. "A re-al ride, in re-al cars?"

"Yes," said Mam-ma; "all sorts of 're-al' things at once for Rose-bud; but she will not be read-y in time if her out-side pet-als do not grow on pret-ty quick-ly."

The Rose-bud knew well e-nough what that meant, and in three min-utes her jack-et and hat were put on, and ev-er-y-thing "all read-y-bus," as she said. Then came a drive down to the sta-tion; then a walk through that won-der-ful sta-tion; and then Rose-bud found her-self in a rail-way car. Oh, how de-light-ful it was. Some-thing went, "Puff, puff, puff!" and then there was a sud-den jar.

"Oh!" cried Rose-bud, "what is that?"

"They are fast-en-ing the en-gine to the cars," said Mam-ma.

Then the train be-gan to

move, slow-ly at first, then fast-er and fast-er, till at last it was rush-ing a-long at a rate which near-ly took Rose-bud's breath a-way.

"Mam-ma," she said, soft-ly, "do en-gines ev-er run a-way?"

"No, dear," said Mam-ma, "the en-gine-driv-er does not let them run a-way. He tells the en-gine just how fast to go, and it al-ways o-beys him."

"Rat-tle-ty, rat-tle-ty, rat-tle-ty," went the cars; "Whoo-o-o-osh! scre-e-e-ee!" shrieked the en-gine, as they dashed through a vil-lage.

"But we did not stop for the peo-ple to get in!" cried the Rose-bud, in dis-tress. "Poor peo-ple!"

On went the train, and soon they came to an-oth-er vil-lage. "Whoo-o-o-o-osh! scre-e-e-ee!" cried the en-gine a-gain. But this time the Rose-bud said noth-ing, for she was sound a-sleep.

A ROSE-BUD IN A RAIL-WAY TRAIN.



Rose-bud had a won-der-ful ride,
Nes-tled up close to her moth-er's side.
They flew by the ci-ties and towns so fast,
Quoth she, "We shall get to the moon at last!"

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

SEE these pret-ty birds, Ba-by! They are called swal-lows, and you may al-ways know them by their forked tails and long, slen-der wings.

There are sev-er-al kinds of swal-lows, and this kind in the pic-ture is called the barn-swal-low, be-cause it so oft-en builds its nest in a barn. This nest is un-der the eaves of the house. Do you see it? It is made of mud, with lit-tle sticks and straws worked in, to make it firm; and a good strong nest it is, though not a pret-ty one.

When it is quite read-y, lit-tle Mrs. Swal-low will lay four or five of the pret-ti-est lit-tle eggs you can im-ag-ine, white, spec-kled all o-ver with brown. Then she will sit in the nest and keep the eggs warm, till it is



time for the ba-by birds to come out. Crack! pop! go the shells, and the ti-ny things ap-pear, hun-gry, and cold, and cross. But Pa-pa Swal-low soon makes it all right by pop-ping a fat lit-tle worm in-to each gap-ing mouth; and af-ter that, let us hope, the swal-lows will be a ver-y hap-py fam-i-ly.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



WOULD our Ba-by be-
lieve that that great,
thorn-y, horn-y cat-er-pil-lar
could turn in-to such a beau-
ti-ful but-ter-fly? Well, he
can, and he does, dear. He
crawls a-bout as long as he
wants to, and then he says,
“Come, I am tired of this!
I think I will make my co-
coon.” So he spins a sort
of web round him-self, round
and round, till it cov-ers him
com-plete-ly; and then Mr.
Cat-er-pil-lar goes to sleep
and sleeps a long time. And
when he wakes up, won-der-
ful to tell, he is no long-er
Mr. Cat-er-pil-lar, but Mr.
But-ter-fly. He has changed
dur-ing his long sleep; just
think of it! And then he
creeps out of his soft co-coon
bed, and spreads his beau-ti-
ful wings, and a-way, and
a-way he flies.

THE SICK PIG-GY.

FA-THER!" cried Tom Stubbs, run-ning in-to the house one morn-ing, "some-thing is the mat-ter with the pig!"

"What is it?" asked his fa-ther.

"He will not eat," said Tom; "and he is squeal-ing as if some-thing hurt him dread-ful-ly."

Farm-er Stubbs went out at once to the pig-sty, and there, sure e-nough, was poor pig-gy mak-ing a most dole-ful noise, and look-ing as un-hap-py as a pig could look.

"He is sick, cer-tain-ly," said the farm-er. "I hard-ly know what to do for him, for I nev-er be-fore had a sick pig."

"A-bel Smith's pig was sick a while a-go, fa-ther," said Tom, "and A-bel cut off his tail, and pulled out three of his teeth."

"Did the pig get well af-ter that?" asked his fa-ther.

"No; he died. But A-bel

said that was the right thing to do."

"Well," said his fa-ther, "we will kill our pig all at once when we do kill him; and just now I want to cure him. So run in-to the house, Tom, and ask your moth-er to make a good bowl of spear-mint tea. The old fel-low has got a cold, that's all, and wants a warm dose."

A-way ran Tom; and be-fore long he re-ap-peared, car-ry-ing a large bowl and a wood-en spoon.

"So far, so good!" said the farm-er; "but the next thing is to make him take it."

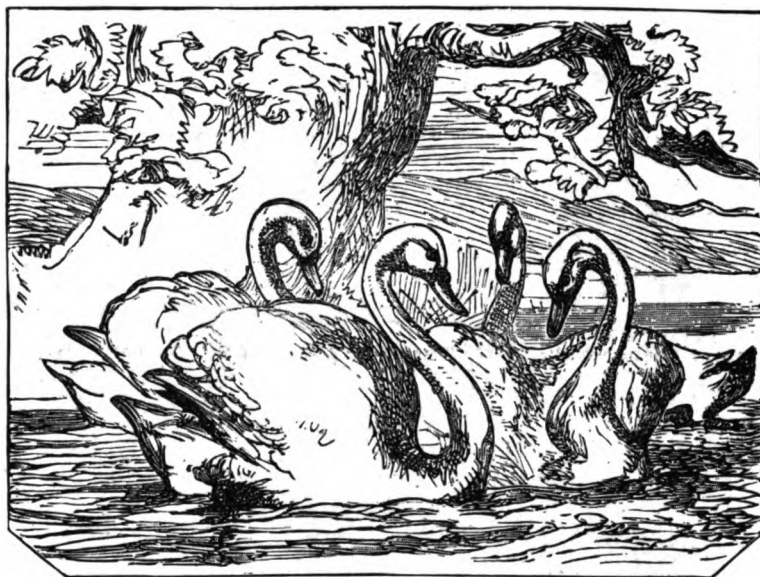
Al-most be-fore poor Mr. Pig-gy knew what he was a-bout, a stout rope was se-cure-ly fast-ened to a post. Then in less than a min-ute his jaws were forced o-pen, and down went spoon-ful af-ter spoon-ful of the tea, which he had to swal-low whe-ther or not. Poor Pig-gy!

THE SICK PIG-GY.



Poor Pig-gy is ver-y un-hap-py,
For, O! poor Pig-gy is ill;
Of that stuff in the bowl he must swal-low the whole,
And then fin-ish off with a pill.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.



THESE beau-ti-ful crea-
tures are birds; but,
O, how dif-fer-ent from the
ti-ny swal-lows a-bout which
we learned in our last les-
son! They are al-to-geth-er
as un-like them as one bird
can be un-like an-oth-er.
Just im-ag-ine these state-ly
swans try-ing to dart a-bout
in the air, and fly in and out
of the win-dows of a barn!
Ver-y queer, I think, they
would look, e-ven if they
were a-ble to do it. Their
way of liv-ing is a ver-y dif-
fer-ent one.

My La-dy Swan makes
her nest on the ground, gen-

er-al-ly near a stream or a
pond; for swans are as fond
of the wa-ter as ducks or
geese, whose cous-ins they
are. She does not take such
pains a-bout her nest as lit-
tle Mrs. Swal-low does, but
sim-ply puts weeds and dried
grass-es loose-ly to-geth-er
un-til she has made a soft,
com-fort-a-ble place for the
eggs and her-self. When
her young ones (which are
called cyg-nets) are hatched,
how-ev-er, she is as de-vot-ed
to them as a moth-er can be,
and sails a-bout on the wa-
ter with them, look-ing ver-y
proud and ver-y hap-py.

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

WHAT a queer little creat-ure!"

"Yes, Ba-by; ver-y queer and ver-y clever. This is the bea-ver, from whose fur gloves and muffs are made. He lives in the northern part of this country, and makes his home on the banks of streams and ponds. He builds a nice house for him-self (there are two such hous-es in the



pict-ure; do you see?) of mud and sticks, and he us-es his broad flat tail as a trow-el to smooth the mud down and plas-ter it firm-ly. An-oth-er clever thing the bea-ver does. Some-times, when the stream by which he lives is shal-low, he wants some deep wa-ter to swim a-bout in. So then, he se-lects some tree that stands close by the place where he wants his pond to be, and be-gins to gnaw the stem of it with his

sharp teeth. Per-haps his friends help him, and they gnaw till at last the trunk of the tree is gnawed through, and it falls a-cross the stream. Then he and his friends bring mud, and sticks, and stones, and build a dam a-gainst the fall-en tree, that is, a bar across the stream which stops the wa-ter. And so, in this way a pond is formed, where Mr. Bea-ver and his fam-i-ly may swim a-bout at their ease."

DIN-NER-TIME.

O, I'm so glad it's din-ner time! for I can sit up at the ta-ble and have my fork and spoon, and Pa-pa will put some-thing nice on my plate. I'm ver-y hun-gry! I wish they helped lit-tle boys first. You don't know how hard I've worked to-day.

"What have I done?"

Why, this morn-ing I got up, and let Mam-ma wash and dress me, and curl my hair. That was ver-y tire-some, for I don't like to stand still and have my hair curled.

Then I ate my break-fast and kissed you good-by be-fore you went down town, and went out to play in the gar-den.

No, I ain't "a use-less bu-sy-bod-y," nei-ver.

Did n't I feed the chick-ens, and watch Mike milk the cow, and peep in-to the pig-pen when the old pig grunt-ed?

I helped dig the gar-den with my lit-tle spade, and

car-ried a-way heaps of dirt from Mam-ma's flow-er-beds, and she scold-ed me.

How good that mashed po-ta-to looks.

You "will give me some, when I've told what oth-er mis-chief I've been up to!"

Sure 'nuff! I 'mem-ber now! I put kit-ty in the bath-tub to wash her. But when I set the wa-ter run-ning it scared her. Mam-ma didn't like that, nei-ver; so she put me on my rock-ing-horse, and me'n hob-by had a good ride.

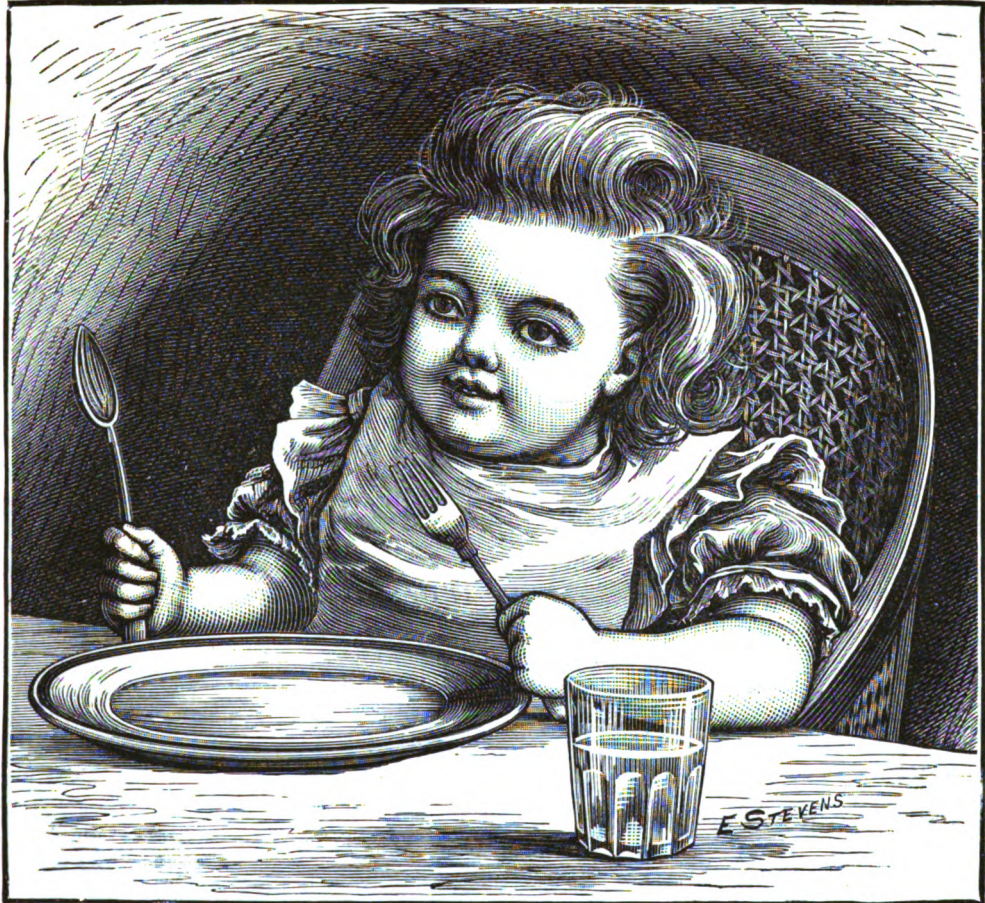
Pret-ty soon I saw Mam-ma's scis-sors ly-ing on the floor close to me, a pur-pose for me to play with, and I sat down and cut some of the pret-ty lit-tle spots out of my dress till Mam-ma came and took the scis-sors a-way; and —

"That will do?"

Well, I'm glad, for I'm so hun-gry. I'll have a lit-tle piece of meat, if you please, Pa-pa.

DIN-NER-TIME.

By MYRA MEREDITH.



PA-PA.

WHAT have you done, my lit-tle man?
Come, tell us quick-ly as you can:
Tell us all, that we may see
Why our boy should hun-gry be.

JOHN-NIE.

I've earned my din-ner, that is plain,
Yes, earned it o'er and o'er a-gain;
Mis-chief have I made, and fun,
Filled each mo-ment that has run.

THE GREEN MEAD-OW.

O-VER the brook," thought Ma-bel; "if I could on-ly cross o-ver the brook!" and she looked long-ing-ly at the mead-ow on the oth-er side, so cool, with its great trees, and long, wav-ing grass. Now the trou-ble a-bout cross-ing was not in the brook, for that was on-ly a foot wide just there, and a ba-by could have jumped o-ver. The trou-ble was in Ma-bel her-self. Grand-mam-ma had told her not to go be-yond the brook; yet Ma-bel was sure that the straw-ber-ries in that mead-ow must be much fin-er than an-y she had seen. She had nev-er been o-ver there, but it looked like the ver-y place for straw-ber-ries to grow large and sweet. If she could on-ly go and see! Sure-ly there would be no



harm in that; and she could tell grand-mam-ma a-bout it. As she stood thus in doubt, who should come a-long but Nan-nie Lee, a lit-tle school-mate of hers.

"Come with me, Ma-bel," she said. "I am go-ing o-ver to that love-ly mead-ow, to get straw-ber-ries."

THE GREEN MEAD-OW.

"Grand-mam-ma told me not to go be-yond the brook," re-plied Ma-bel.

"Pooh!" said Nan-nie, "I don't be-lieve she would mind. I am go-ing, at an-y rate!" So say-ing, she jumped light-ly a-cross the ti-ny brook, and in an-oth-er mo-ment stood in the beau-ti-ful green mead-ow with the long grass and the sha-dy trees. Poor Ma-bel stood a-lone in the hot sun-shine, feel-ing ver-y un-hap-py, when sud-den-ly she heard a scream from Nan-nie, so loud and pierc-ing that she al-most jumped out of her boots with fright.

"What is the mat-ter?" she cried.

"Oh!" screamed Nan-nie a-gain. "Oh, oh! it's a bog! and I'm in wa-ter up to my knees, and I can't get out. Help me! help me!"

"Wait," cried Ma-bel, "and I will call the hay-mak-ers. I could not get

you out my-self." And she flew a-cross the field, call-ing as she went. The hay-mak-ers had al-read-y heard Nan-nie's screams, and were com-ing to the res-cue. A-mong them was Nan-nie's fa-ther, who looked ver-y grave when he heard what had hap-pened. The lit-tle girl was soon pulled out of the mud-dy wa-ter, and brought back a-cross the brook again, all drip-ping, and dir-ty, and cry-ing bit-ter-ly.

"Did I not tell you, Nan-nie," asked her fa-ther, "not to go a-cross that brook?"

"Yes," sobbed Nan-nie; "but I did not know why you told me."

"Ver-y well," said Mr. Lee; "per-haps this will teach you to o-bey your par-ents with-out know-ing '*why*.'"

And lit-tle Ma-bel thought to her-self, "I am ver-y sure it has taught *me*!"

MAM-MA'S IN-STRUC-TIONS.

WHAT is the larg-est of all birds, Ba-by?

“Tur-key-gob-bler?”

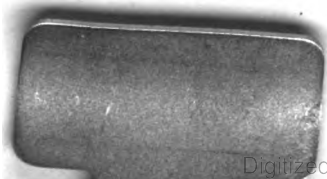
No; there are man-y birds larg-er than old Gob-bler, though you have nev-er seen them. Here is a pict-ure of the os-trich, which is man-y times as big as the tur-key. The os-trich is the larg-est of birds, but we nev-er see one in this coun-try, ex-cept per-haps at some men-ag-e-rie. He lives in Af-ri-ca; and he has ver-y long legs and ver-y short wings, so that he can run ver-y fast, but can-not fly at all. His feath-ers are used a great deal to trim hats and bon-nets. Per-haps your Mam-ma has one in her bon-net; look and see the next time she goes out. An os-trich's egg is a-bout as big as a ba-by's head, and is ver-y pret-ty.



The moth-er os-trich lays her eggs in the sand, and takes great care of them un-til the young ones come out; but she does not seem to care for her chil-dren af-ter that, and leaves them to pro-vide for them-selves as soon as they are out of the shell.

You would not like it if your Mam-ma were to treat you in that way, would you, Ba-by?

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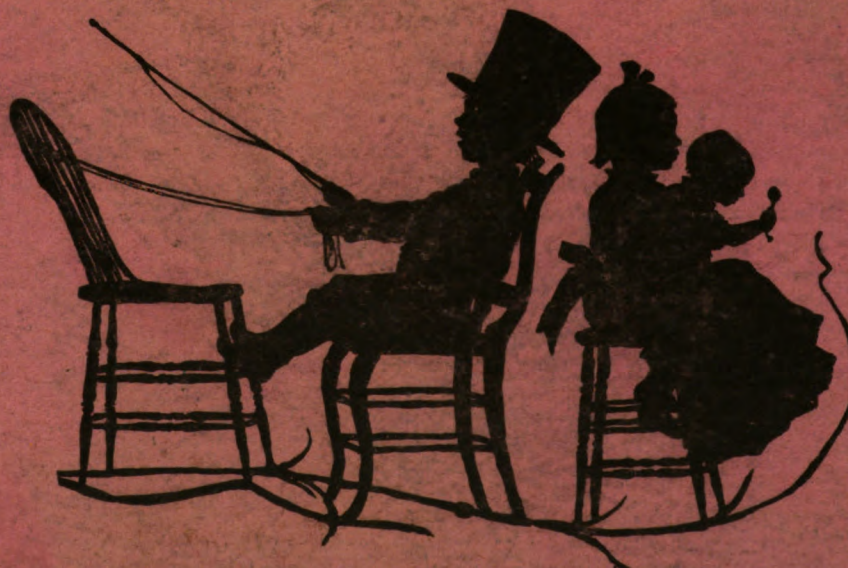
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